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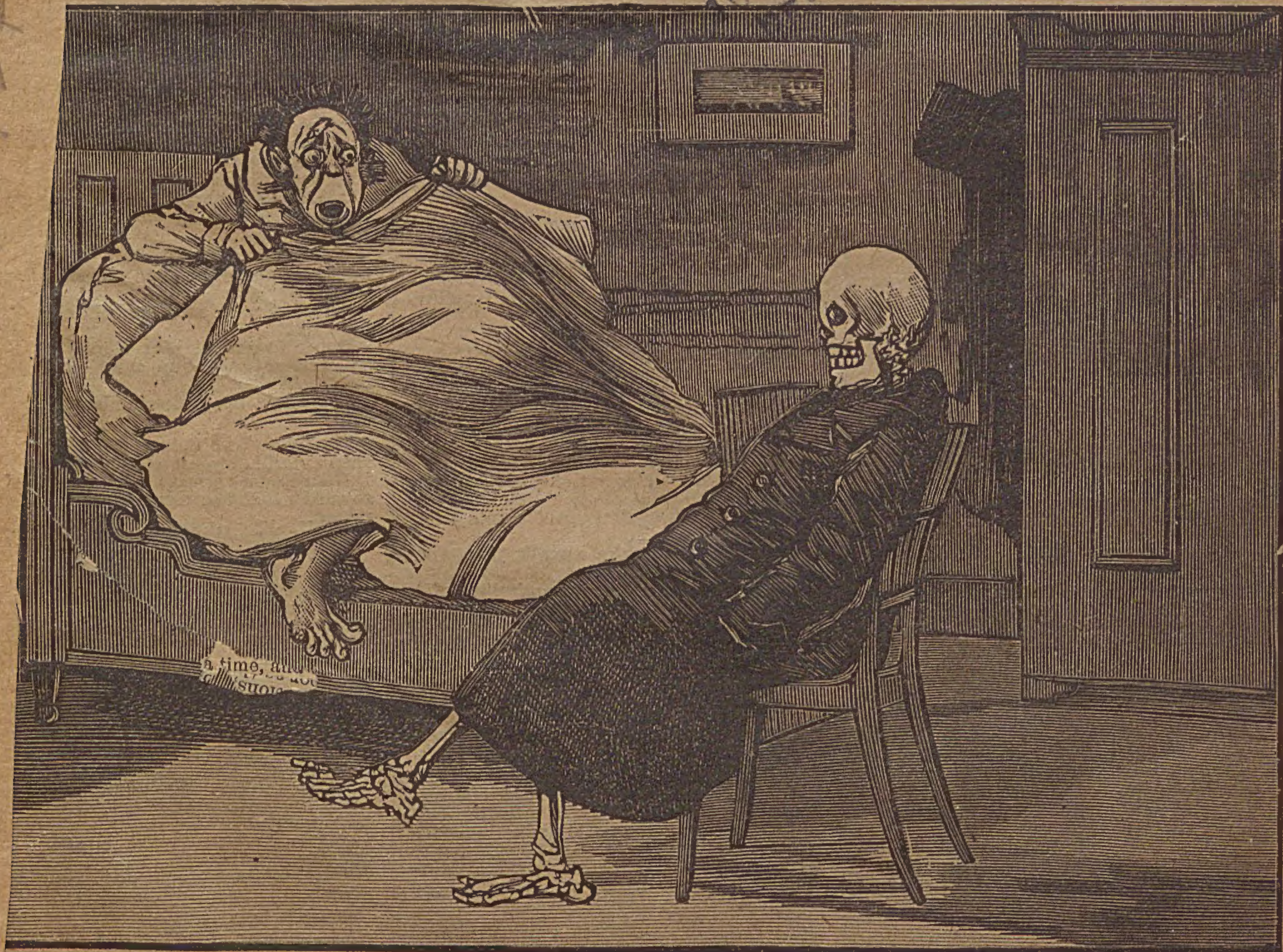
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Muldoon's Trip Around the World.

II.

By TOM TEASER.

PART II.



Suddenly, as if a block of ice had been placed at the base of his spine, Muldoon turned cold and began to shiver. His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out in a way that would beat any crab in the world. "Howly shmoke! phwat's that?" he gasped.

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MULDOON'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

A Very, Very Funny Story.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones," "Muldoon's Grocery Store, Part II," "Muldoon's Grocery Store, Part I," etc., etc.

PART II.

"There's wan quart," said Muldoon.
"Yis, and there's another," said Mulcahey.
"It'll hould all av it," the alderman added.

"It will not," said Muldoon, as the sweet flood reached the brim.

There was still a quart of molasses in the measure when the hat began to overflow.

Eddie Donegal had his hands on his knees as he bent over to take in all the fun.

"Well, I've lost, Terry," said Mulcahey, "but how about the hat?"

"I've got an owner for it," said Muldoon.

Then he wheeled quickly around and dumped the dicer and its sweet contents upon the head of Eddie Donegal, the sport.

Roger had anticipated the move and sent Eddie's hat flying just as Muldoon wheeled.

"There, me buck, there's a sweetener for yez," said Muldoon, as he jammed the hat down on Eddie's head.

Molasses spurted in all directions, and the sport was nearly smothered.

"That'll give yez an excuse to take a bath," said Muldoon. "It's long enough since ye had wan."

Eddie danced and jumped and tried to pull his shooter, but the gang only howled.

"That's for the syrup," said Muldoon, as he tossed the grocer a dollar. "Come an, byes. Mulcahey, yez can buy me a new hat and I'll call it aven."

"Begor, that's wan av the times yez didn't bite, Muldoon," said the alderman.

"Be heavens, yez must think I've just landed, alderman," said Muldoon with a laugh. "I had that same thrick wid a hatful av molasses played an me wanst, and be a Californian, and now I'm aven. I don't think Mr. Eddie Donegal will thry to play anny more jokes an Terrence Muldoon or aven show his ugly mug around where I am."

"Pop isn't as green as he looks," chuckled Roger. "If Eddie hadn't been around you couldn't have made him bite at that molasses snap."

"I h'ard the vilyan snickering in his sleeve," added Muldoon, "and I med up me moind that I'd get aven wid him, and I think I have a putty good balance in me favor now."

"So you have," laughed the alderman, and the rest agreed with him.

Muldoon was kept pretty busy that day, making arrangements for his departure, and when night came he was regularly used up.

"Faix, I think I'll imitate the burruds and go to roost early," he mused, as he sat in the reading-room smoking.

"Why, it's not eight o'clock yet, pop," said Roger. "Mother and I and Kitty are going to the theater; don't you want to come?"

"Indeed and I don't, me young dude. The play-house has no attractions for me the night. I believe I'd go to sleep av they wor playing the funniest thing ye iver h'ard, and av all the people were laughin' themselves crazy."

"Sleepy, eh?"

"Oh, my—oh, my, I'm that sleepy that I don't know whether I'm on foot or in the cars. Go on to the theayter, you. I'll do the sleep act meself."

"Mother may get to flirting, pop, if you're not there to watch her," said that mischievous youth.

"Begorrah, av I was there wid her she might flirt the head off her and I'd niver know it. I'd be asleep in tin minyutes afther I sat down."

"Why don't you take a walk, then, and get waked up a bit?"

"Begob, av I did it's somnambulizing I'd be doing, and there's no knowing phwat I might do in that case."

"Well, then, you'd better go to bed, for you generally give us a picnic when you get to sleep walking. You might wander all over the city before we found you."

"Faiv, I've given that up this manny a year," replied Muldoon, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

He had been a great fist at this sort of thing in former years, as those who are familiar with his history can testify, but of late he had done nothing in that line.

Roger and his mother went to the theater, taking Kitty Clyde along, while Muldoon sought his downy couch soon after they had left the house.

When Roger returned he remained down-stairs to talk to the clerk, the ladies proceeding at once to their rooms.

By-and-by there was no one left in the office but Roger and the clerk, the hall boys dozing on a bench outside and all as quiet as the grave.

Roger sat inside the office with the clerk, who was a very entertaining young fellow, and listened to his yarns, both of them smoking.

"Gets pretty lonesome down here sometimes, don't it?" asked Roger.

"Yes, now and then. Little bit spooky at times."

"I suppose you think that every strange sound is a ghost, don't you?"

"Well, not exactly that, for I don't believe in 'em, but then it's lonesome enough."

"I don't take any stock in spirits myself, but there are people, and sensible ones too, who—"

"Great Scott!" muttered the clerk, starting back.

Roger looked at him, thinking that he was trying to work up a racket by a pretended fright.

There was no pretense about this, however.

The fellow's hair stood on end, his knees shook, and he was really frightened.

Then Roger turned his head to the point toward which the clerk's gaze seemed directed.

"Thunder and blazes, what's that?"

In the doorway stood a figure all in white, from his head to his heels.

Not a sound had been heard, and how the thing could have approached without being heard was a mystery.

Neither Roger nor the clerk stopped to ask questions, however, but bolted out of one door as the specter noiselessly entered the other.

"Did you see it?" gasped the clerk.

"Of course I did."

"This ain't a snap, is it?"

"A snap?"

"Yes, a joke to scare me!"

"Why, good gracious, I was as much broken up as you."

"Wonder how it got there? Who's ghost is it, anyhow?"

"You might send one of the boys for its card."

"Don't joke, young fellow," said the clerk, with a sigh. "This is a warning to one of us."

They were both in the rotunda now, the ghostly visitor being hidden from sight in the office.

"I say, we've got to brace up," said Roger.

"A spook can't hurt us. Let's go and investigate."

"No, no, I wouldn't do it for the world. I'll send one of the boys."

"You better not tell 'em it's a ghost then, or you won't be able to get 'em to move a step."

"Well, we can't have a ghost staying in there all night," said the young fellow, petulantly.

"Perhaps he will register, and then we can find out who he is and where he comes from."

"For heaven's sake, don't joke on such a subject," gasped the clerk.

Roger had recovered from his first surprise and was now more collected.

He knew that there must be some reasonable explanation for the strange appearance which had so frightened them.

Consequently he determined to make an investigation.

"Come on," he said to his companion. "I'm going to see what the thing is."

"Don't!" exclaimed the other in a startled whisper as Roger advanced toward the office door.

"Nonsense!" and in he went.

He gave one glance and then beckoned to the clerk.

What the two saw was this:

A figure in white seated in a chair tipped back on its hind legs, his feet on a table and a cigar in his mouth.

For a ghost, he was having the easiest time on record.

"Well! I'm blowed!" cried Roger. "It's pop as sure as I'm alive."

"Muldoon?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, sleep walking. He's the healthiest looking ghost I ever met."

PART XIII.

SO the ghost that had so startled Roger and the night clerk at the hotel turned out to be Muldoon after all.

That was the size of it.

His fatigue, his going to bed at such an unusual time, and perhaps his talking of the thing, had resulted in his walking in his sleep.

He was making the best of it, for he occupied the clerk's chair, was smoking one of the clerk's cigars, and seemed to be enjoying himself generally.

All he had on was his night shirt and socks, which accounted for his noiseless tread upon entering the office.

His eyes were open, but his fixed stare told Roger that he was sound asleep and knew nothing of what was going on.

"Pop's got it again," said the young fellow.

"Got what again?" inquired the clerk.

"Somnambulism."

"Does he have it often?"

"Oh, about once a week," answered Roger, soberly.

This was not the case, but that jolly joker thought he'd have some fun at the clerk's expense.

"The deuce you say!" muttered the other, whose name, by the way, was Perkins.

"Fact, I assure you, and he's very dangerous at such times."

"Dangerous!"

"You've got it."

"In what way?"

"Why, if you wake him up when he's that way there's danger of his scalping you."

"Scalping!"

"Yes; or of chewing your ears off, or of making a football of your cocoanut."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, he always fancies he is a pirate or an Indian or a cannibal at these times, and if you wake him there's no telling what he won't do."

"Good gracious! he may sleep there all night!"

"No; he will get up after a time, and that's when you want to look out for him."

"Why, what can I do?"

"Keep out of his way. If he hears you breathe, when he begins to stir, he will awake and fly like a tiger at the first thing he sees."

"He must be a terror," said Perkins, the cold perspiration standing out upon his manly brow.

"You can bet your boots he is," returned Roger.

Meanwhile Muldoon smoked on, unconscious, while Roger was thinking how he could manage to wake him up without Perkins suspecting him.

The thing worked itself out all right.

As Muldoon smoked, the ash on the end of his cigar accumulated till it was over an inch in length.

Had Muldoon been awake he would have looked out for it.

Now it looked out for itself.

The hot ash suddenly fell off and struck Muldoon on the leg where that necessary member chanced to be exposed.

If you don't know how it feels to have a lot of hot cigar ashes fall on a tender part of your body, just try it once.

Muldoon got it solid, and a blister as big as a quarter was the immediate result.

Another consequence was that he awoke with a howl and a start, and began to prance around like a caged lunatic.

"Now's your time," whispered Roger to Perkins. "Look out! he's coming for you sure!"

"Be heavens, I'll be burned alive," howled Muldoon. "Phwat's the matter anyhow?"

With that he made a bolt, upset poor Perkins and dashed out into the rotunda like a wild Indian.

Perkins yelled as though his positively last appearance on any stage had come, while Roger indulged in a grin.

Then Muldoon took a tumble and realized where he was and what he had been doing.

"Begob, it's walking in me sleep I am," he muttered. "That comes av goin' to bed wid the larks. I'd rather go after a lark, I'm thinking, for thin I can sleep like a top, so I can."

"Hallo, governor," sang out Roger, "been to a fancy ball? I see you are in undress uniform."

"Go an, ye moth-eaten dude," cried Muldoon in disgust. "What med ye put the idee av sleep-walkin' into me head. Av it wasn't for ye I'd be quite sleeping in me virtuous couch at this minyute."

"Look out, pop, there's women coming," hissed that bold, bad boy.

That was enough for Muldoon.

He did not consider himself at all dressed for company.

He made a break and went flying up the stairs, three steps at a time.

Then Perkins got up, looked wildly around, and gasped:

"Has he gone?"

"Yes; but you had a narrow escape of it."

"You don't say!"

"Oh, yes. If I had not suddenly attracted his attention, he would have bitten both your ears off."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, pop's a regular man-eater when he has one of his fits," said Roger solemnly.

Perkins swallowed it all, and his bangs fairly wilted.

"Well, I'm mighty glad that he's going away to-morrow, then," he muttered with great joyfulness. "I wouldn't stay in the same house with a man like that for twice my salary."

"No, it's pretty dangerous, for pop hates dudes, and it's a wonder to me that you still live to tell the tale."

Then that cheeky young rascal wafted himself off, leaving Perkins in doubt as to whether that last remark was intended for himself or some other fellow.

The next day the Muldoon party took itself off, and our hero set out upon the second stage of his journey.

Mulcahey, the alderman, Eddie Donegal, Gallagher, the major and a lot more, saw Muldoon off, and wished him all sorts of good luck upon his trip.

When they were about to start, the last bell having rung, along came Professor Wiggins in hot haste, followed by his baggage on a hand cart.

"Be heavens, it's the professor," said Muldoon, "and he do be takin' the wrong boat. It's to Australia he's goin' and this steamer goes to China. That man's absent-mindedness will get him into trouble one av those days."

Wiggins was hauled on board, bag and baggage, and away went the steamer.

"Pon my word, I came very near forgetting it again," he muttered. "If I hadn't accidentally learned that you had gone, I really believe I would have forgotten all about it."

"It's to Australia ye're going, is it not?" said Muldoon, coming forward.

"Yes."

"Then ye'll have to go be the way av China, for that's where we're goin'."

"China!" said Wiggins, not the least put out.

"Yis."

"Ah, a very interesting country, very."

"But it's to Australia ye're bound?"

"Yes, but that does not matter. I can leave the steamer at the Sandwich Islands."

"Troth, we don't stop there at all. We go away to the north av thim."

"Are you sure of that?" for Roger was grinning.

"Yis. Ax me son where we do be going. He has full charge av the itinerary. Oh, my! Oh, my! me jaw is broke. I'll niver thry to say a worrud like that agin."

"Pretty tough, wasn't it, pop?" asked Roger, laughing. "Where did you find it?"

"In the railroad guide. Faix, av a thrain ran agen that worrud there'd be a wreck sure. We're goin' to China, are we not, me bye?"

"Not this time, pop, and the professor is right for once. I had the tickets changed when I found that we wouldn't stop at the Sandwich Islands."

"And thin it's to Australia we're goin'?"

"Yes."

"Hurroo! It's a goold hunter I'll be and go home loaded wid dust and nuggets as big as me head!" cried Muldoon, enthusiastically.

"Yis, and thin have somebody come along and chate the eyeteeth out av yez," remarked his wife.

"Ye have no sintiment about ye at all, me fairy queen av modern toimes," retorted Muldoon; "ye think only av the sordid soide av loife."

"It's practical I am, Terry, and I'm tellin' ye that av ye came out av the moines wid a ton av goold yez wouldn't have a lump as big as a praty whin ye got home. Ye'd give away half and be shwindled out av two-thirds av it."

"It's a foine head for figures ye have, Bedalia," said Muldoon with a chuckle. "Ye make me lose more than I had."

"Well, ye can be relied an to do it aisy enough," responded Mrs. Muldoon complacently.

That was a settler, and our hero went off to enjoy the view of the harbor.

There were one or two days of seasickness, and after that Muldoon showed up as fresh as a daisy, and was not long in making friends with all on board.

They had been out nearly a week and Roger had not played a single snap upon that unsuspecting parent of his.

Muldoon came out of the saloon one pleasant afternoon, and, seeing nobody about, walked aft.

Here he could see a man seated upon the rail, not far from the stern, with his feet hanging outside.

"Luck at the sucker, be heavens," he muttered. "He do have no more sinse than a bye. Begorrah, he'll lose his head next and go overboard."

No sooner said than accomplished.

There was a shriek, the man toppled over head first and was gone.

"He's done it, begorrah—he's done it!" cried Muldoon excitedly, making a dash for the side.

He cast one glance at the foaming waters in the wake of the steamer, and then yelled with all his might:

"Man overboard! Stop the ship! Go back and pick him up! Man overboard!"

A crowd of men, women and children, officers, sailors and passengers came hurrying up.

Where they came from so suddenly, when the deck had been deserted but a moment before, was a mystery.

"Stop the ship, lower a boat—trow him a life-preserver!" cried Muldoon, dancing around in the utmost excitement. "The poor man'll be dhrowned av yez don't do something!"

"Man overboard!" was the cry that ran all through the ship.

"It's meself that seen him fall," said Muldoon, in explanation to the crowd that had gathered around him. "He wor sitting on the rail, right here, and I wor about to inform him av the hazardness av his situation, whin over he wint like a shot into the wather."

"Who was it, Mr. Muldoon?" asked Kitty Clyde. "Did you know him?"

"His back was toward me, me dear Miss Kitty, and I did not recognize his fatures from that pint."

"It wasn't Roger, was it?" asked Kitty, turning pale.

"It wor not; it wor a bigger man than him. Begob, it might be the professor now, he's that absent-moinded that it's a wondher he doesn't walk over—"

"Professor Wiggins! Oh, how awful!" shrieked Kitty. "Poor, dear man, I shall be sorry to lose him from our party."

Meantime, the steamer's speed had slackened, a boat had been lowered and could now be seen pulling toward a black object that bobbed up and down on the foam-crested waves.

The steamer made a long sweep so as to lie by, for it is no easy matter to stop a big vessel lik that when going at full speed.

"Begob, I think they'll save him yet," muttered Muldoon, looking over the rail, "and it's a loife preserver I am. Sure I ought to have gon' in the boat, be rights."

Where was Roger during all this excitement?

Where he could see and hear all that went on, but out of sight of his deluded dad.

"They have him, they're picking him up, it's a saver av loife I am, be me prisince av moind,

his chest measurement increasing by several inches.

The steamer's speed was now stopped, and she waited for the men in the boat to come up with her.

They were a good distance off, for the steamer had been forging ahead all the time after the alarm was given until the boat was down, and this distance had to be gone over twice.

Muldoon felt as big as an ox and all the officers and men knew that he was the hero of the occasion, for he made no bones of telling them so.

Considerable time and distance had been lost, but then these were nothing when the saving of life was considered.

The officer examined the prostrate form on the deck.

Then he and all hands saw that it was only a sell.

The man was a dummy, made up of an old suit of clothes stuffed with papers and a couple of inflated bladders, to make it float.

Muldoon's heroism collapsed like a toy balloon with a pin stuck in it.

That wasn't the worst of it, though.

"What do you mean, sir, by deceiving us all in this style, getting up all this excitement, and making us lose half an hour by your infernal practical jokes?" demanded the first officer of Muldoon.

"What do yez mane be addressin' me in that purrumpory tone, sor?" asked Muldoon,



Muldoon would have run away, but a couple of sailors grabbed him and held him fast. "Oh, my! oh, my, pwhat's going to happen now?" sighed Muldoon. "Silence and obey my orders, or I will take you with me to the bottom of the sea!" roared Neptune.

in giving the alarrum so quickly," exclaimed Muldoon, waving his hat.

He was a mighty hero in his own eyes, and felt so big that it was a wonder his clothes didn't burst.

"It's a goold medal I'll get and have me name in all the papers," he went on, his face glowing with pleasure. "'Terrence Muldoon, Esquire, av New York, late sinator, re-toired from active loife and makin' the tower av the worruld in company wid his wife and son, lately performed a deed av great valor, whin an the way from Frisco to the Sandwich Islands.' Sure, that's how it'll read, and it'll make a great sinsation whin me frinds see it in the papers. I'll have it put in all av them."

"They've pickled him up!" cried one of Muldoon's auditors.

"They're coming back," said another. "We are scarcely moving now."

Just then Mrs. Muldoon came along with Kitty.

"They do tell me that ye saw the man fall overboard and that ye gave the forst alarrum, Terry," said the proud wife.

"So I did and it's a hero I am."

"I'm proud av ye, Terry."

"I'm proud av mesilf," answered Muldoon,

Finally the boat came alongside and the men scrambled up by means of a ladder let down over the side.

One of the men brought with him the rescued one.

He seemed quite limp and lifeless as he hung over the man's shoulder.

"Poor fellow! he's quite exhausted."

"Give him some brandy and charge it to me, captain dear. I'll not have it said that the man died from want av attention afther bein' so gallantly rescued, begob."

"If you're goin' to give anybody brandy, mate, you'd better give it to me, 'cause this fellow don't drink," said the sailor who carried the rescued.

Then he dumped the latter on deck, very unceremoniously, and gave him a kick which sent him flying.

"What a shame!"

"How can he be so brutal?"

"Throw him overboard."

"Take the poor man into the cabin."

"Who is he anyhow?"

Questions flew like the leaves in the fall, but nobody answered them.

"What's the matter with you, Williamson?" said the chief officer, coming forward.

"That thing is no good, and we've had all our work for nothing."

getting his own mad up at the officer's strong language.

"You ought to be put in irons, that's what you ought. Fine joke wasn't it! We lose an hour's time, and everybody gets excited, and all we do is to pick up a dummy which you had thrown overboard."

"Shame, shame!"

"Fine hero he is!"

"He ought to be fined!"

"Lock him up anyhow!"

"Yes, sir, I think so, too, and if I was captain of this ship I'd do it," continued the mate.

"What fur?"

"For hoaxing us with your old dummy, you Irish idiot."

"Ye're a loiar, and don't know the truth whin ye see it. I did not trow the dummy overboard, nor did I know that it was a dummy till this minyute."

"You didn't?"

"I did not, faith."

"Then you're a bigger fool than I thought, for anybody can see what the thing is forty feet away."

"You'd better not play any more jokes of this kind while you're on board," said the second mate, "or we'll throw you overboard."

"Go on, ye toy sailor, and don't be shooting

off yer mouth to me," said Muldoon. "I cud split ye in two and make toothpicks av the pieces. Go on, ye salt water dude."

The officer was a bit of a dandy, and Muldoon's language was not at all relished.

"Don't you dare to insult me," he blustered, "or I'll have you ironed for mutiny."

All hands were down on Muldoon for what they considered a heartless joke, and the poor man was obliged to go away and hide.

"Av I wor guessing who put that job up, I think I'd name Roger the forst wan," he muttered, as he hurried off. "If it were meant for me to bite at, I got it sure enough, and if it wor not, I fell into the thrap like the sucker I am. Bedalla is right. I'll niver have sinse enough to kape from bein' sucked in till I'm dead, begob."

Muldoon was no hero after this, for everybody believed that he had thrown the dummy overboard so as to get up a sensation.

He did not charge Roger with the trick, for he could not prove it, and so thought it best to say nothing.

He had not seen the young joker pull on a little line attached to the dummy and so yank him overboard at the proper time, and did not even know about it, though there was such a line, all the same.

A few days after this Roger fixed up a job with the first officer and a couple of sailors, Muldoon being the intended victim.

It was a lovely morning, and Muldoon came on deck arrayed in the giddy suit which he had been stuck on in Frisco, and wearing also a high white dicer, checked gaiters over his shoes, a spotted shirt and a scarf that would have done excellent duty as a lighthouse, it was such a blazer.

Roger was not visible, but he was around, all the same, and in good trim for the anticipated circus.

"Good-morning, Mr. Muldoon," said the mate, "I see you are expecting company to-day."

"Company, is it, out in the middle av the ocean? Is it aff yer head ye are?"

"Not a bit. It's just the right place to expect company. Father Neptune always comes aboard in these latitudes."

"Who did ye say?"

"Father Neptune."

"And who the mischief is Father Neptune? Does he have a church on the say?"

There was a roar of laughter from the bystanders, and the mate replied:

"No, he don't have a church, but he's King of the Sea. You must have heard of him."

"Faith, I think I have. Is he the ould duffer that has a pitchfork in his hand wid a crown an his head and a long beard, and does be ridin' in a shell drawn be suckers or some ither quare-looking fish wid big mouths?"

"That's the same one, and he boards every vessel that has fresh travelers on it to make them salt and fit them for travel."

"Faix, I didn't see um whin I wint abroad before."

"No, for he only lives in the Pacific. He ought to be—"

"Ship ahoy!" cried a hoarse voice from the water.

"There he is now!" cried the mate. "Lower the ladder for his royal highness."

A ladder was put over the side, and up came a queer-looking figure, all wet with sea water, a big trident in his hand, a tin crown on his head, and a robe of dripping sea-weed hanging from his shoulders, and strings of shells strung all over him.

He wore green tights and sandals, had long white hair and a flowing beard, spoke in fog-horn tones, and was a most terrible creature to look at altogether.

Muldoon shook in his gaiters, for he failed to recognize Roger in that disguise, and thought that his last hour had come.

The sea god thumped on the deck with his trident, pointed to Muldoon, and said imperiously:

"Seize the strange intruder into my dominions, and put him through his initiation."

Muldoon would have run away, but a couple of sailors grabbed him and held him fast.

"Oh, my! oh, my, phwat's going to happen now?" sighed Muldoon.

"Silence and obey my orders, or I will take you with me to the bottom of the sea!" roared Neptune.

Muldoon held his tongue and wished that he was safe on land once more, where Father Neptune would not dare venture.

"It's a corpse I am already," he wailed. "How did he know I wor fresh? Begob, if I dared, I'd take a round out av him for that!"

PART XIV.

THE King of the Deep had boarded the steamer on which Muldoon was a passenger, and had at once pointed out our hero as a stranger in those parts, and had ordered him to be seized and put through a course of sprouts, that he might be thoroughly salted.

It was a huge joke on Muldoon.

The latter never dropped, however.

Master Roger was made up as Neptune, and the mate and sailors were all in the secret.

"What is your name, rash stranger?" asked Father Neptune when Muldoon was brought before him.

"Terrence Muldoon, av New York."

"You're Irish, you snoozer," said the monarch in a vein of levity.

"I know it, yer honor, and I'm glad av it," answered Muldoon stoutly.

"Ever been here before?"

"I have not."

"Where are you going?"

"Around the worruld, begob."

"And do you dare to enter my domains without preparing for such a trip?"

"Sure, I have prepared, yer honor," answered the trembling Muldoon. "Haven't I laid in a supply av whisky and tobacco to last me six months?"

"That is not enough. You must be salted. What ho, my minions!"

Half a score of sailors gathered in a ring behind Neptune, the passengers watching the scene from a distance.

"Phwat are they doin' wid Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon of Wiggins.

"Initiating him into some secret society. All sailors belong to it I understand."

"Faix Terry wor always wan to belong to thim things. I don't know how manny he's a member av now. He's in the Rid Min and the Knights av Industry and the ancient order av hod carriers, and the frindly sons av St. Bridget, and a dozen more that I can't remember."

"Very interesting," said Wiggins, musingly, though it would have been hard to say what he was thinking of at that moment, having forgotten all about Muldoon.

"Hold up your hands," said Neptune to his minions, and they obeyed as one man.

Then they began to chatter a lot of gibberish in a low tone, and poor Muldoon was greatly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Bring forth the royal vessels," cried Neptune, sitting on an inverted deck bucket, over which a wet tarpaulin had been thrown.

Two buckets were brought, brimming with salt water.

They were placed in front of Muldoon, who looked at them in dismay.

"Have I got to drink all that?" he muttered.

"Silence!" thundered the mighty monarch.

Then our hero was suddenly lifted up and planted with one foot in each bucket of water.

"Begorrah, me spring-bottom pants will be ruined," he wailed.

"Silence!"

"I'm as dumb as an oyster, yer honor. Is there anny more av the ceremony to be gon' through wid?"

"Give him a bath!" cried Neptune.

A big sailor began playing a hose upon Muldoon at the word, while all the rest held up their hands and chanted their mystic songs.

Poor Muldoon.

It was worse than the deluge.

He got salt water in his eyes and mouth, his dicer was knocked off, and he felt as wet as if he had been drowned.

He tried to dodge the stream, but he got it all the same, and a more wretched mortal it would have been hard to imagine at that moment.

"Hould an, hould an, I'm salt enough," he began to yell.

The fellow with the hose took Muldoon's mouth for a barrel, evidently, for he suddenly sent a stream of water flying down it.

Over went Muldoon, water buckets and all, flat on the deck.

He was wet enough before, in all conscience, but now he was worse.

He couldn't have been wetter if he had been taken and thrown into the sea.

He was wet from head to foot, inside and out, top and bottom, and water was running off of him in buckets.

He started up, and a pail of water struck him amidships and knocked him flat.

Once more he essayed to rise, but once more

the gentle shower struck him and keeled him on his beams'-ends.

A third time he made the attempt, and this time he succeeded in getting upon his feet.

Half a dozen sailors were hard at work polishing off the decks.

"Come now, get out of the way there!" said the bo's'n, who was bossin' the job, to Muldoon.

That worthy man looked all around, rubbed his eyes, and then looked again.

There was no sign of Father Neptune nor of the chanting sailors, nor of any of the mummery which he had lately witnessed.

"Be heavens! he's gon' as quick as he came," muttered Muldoon, "and I can't tell if I am a thrue ould salt or not."

"Come—come, get out of the way there," cried the bo's'n. "Don't you see the men want to work?"

"Where is Father Neptune gon' so sudden?" asked Muldoon.

"Who?"

"Father Neptune, the king av the say, begob. He was here just now."

"Guess you've been drinkin', haven't you?" asked the bo's'n, with a grin.

"Salt wather is all I've drank; if ye allude to me bein' tipsy, I deny it intoirely."

"There ain't been any kings of the sea or land on this deck this morning, mate," continued the bo's'n, "and that's straight."

"I tell yez I saw old Nep himself sittin' on a bucket right forninst me here."

"Guess you must have better eyes than the rest of us, then. Did you see anything of old Nep to-day, boys?"

"No, sir," said the gang, all shaking their heads.

"I told you the reckonin' was wrong, mate," said the bo's'n.

"Begob I know I did see him, and that he gave me an insight into the life av a sailor, and now I want to know where he's gon'."

"The majority's agin you, mate," said the bo's'n. "Greenies often see more'n old sailors. Wouldn't spin that Neptune yarn if I was you. Folks might think you'd been tackling the grog too much."

"I'm a timperate man, and I'll swear that I saw ould Nep sittin' here an the bucket."

"All right. When I've got a watch below I'll listen to your yarn, mate, but just now I'm busy."

Then Muldoon had to get out of the way of the men cleaning the deck, for nobody would answer him.

He found some sailors in another part of the ship and asked them if they had seen old Neptune, but they laughed and said that he never showed up except when vessels were crossing the line, and that they were now a long way north of that.

From nobody could he get a confirmation of his Neptune story, and at last he began to think that maybe he had been dreaming the whole thing.

When about to enter the main saloon he met Roger, looking as unconscious as a lamb.

"Hallo, pop, have you been taking a swim?" asked the young fellow.

"I have not. Did ye see the king av the say just now, me bye?"

"The king of the sea? Who's that, pop?"

"Neptune, av coorse."

"Has he been around?"

"Yes, and I was most drowned be the sucker. Have ye seen him?"

"Why, pop, you must be dreaming. Neptune never comes on board ships except when they are crossing the line."

"Phwat line is that, Roger? Can ye see it an the wather?"

"No, no, it's an imaginary line, the equator, that divides the earth in two, so that we get north and south."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Yes."

"And Neptune only comes an board whin ye cross that line that divides the north from the south?"

"Only then, pop."

"And have we been crassing it the mornin'?"

"Of course not. We ain't within a thousand miles of it."

"Then, be heavens, the sucker that put me through wor an imposthor and had no right to the title. It's a swindle, and whin I meet Neptune I'll tell him so."

"But there hasn't anybody been on board, dad."

"If ividence is annything," muttered Muldoon, "I'm lying and ivery wan else tells the truth, seein' that the majarty rules; but av I know annything, I know I've been med a

sucker av wanst more, and it's time I was salted, for I'm too frash intoirely."

Then he went off to change his soaked and ruined garments, while Roger enjoyed a quiet laugh over the complete and gratifying success of his latest snap.

For two or three days things went along all serene, the weather being fine, the passengers all in good health and spirits, and all hands enjoying themselves right up to the top notch.

One day, as Muldoon came on deck in company with Roger, there seemed to be something going on in the forward part of the steamer.

Shouts of laughter could be heard, and there was evidently lots of fun going on.

"Phwat seems to be the meaning av the

bloind soide he'd dig the heart out av him wid his spurs before he c'u'd turn 'round."

"Oh, this isn't a live rooster. It's only a game."

"A game rooster, is it? Be heavens, he'd have to be very game if he has but wan eye."

"Oh, no, it's a play rooster, a make-believe one. There he is, on the deck."

"Oh, I see!" cried Muldoon, now noticing the figure of a large rooster drawn in chalk on the deck.

The figure lacked an eye and Muldoon began to take a tumble.

"Oh, I perceive," he said. "The game is to pit the eye on the burrud?"

"That's it."

"And how is it performed?"

"Don't he look sweet?"

"What a lovely complexion!"

"A little too dark for beauty."

"Oh, no, he's too pale."

"Phwat did ye put in me eyes?" cried Muldoon, rubbing them.

The more he rubbed the more the crowd laughed.

It was no wonder.

Muldoon's face looked like a combination of ghost and sweep.

That joking sailor had thrown a mixture of soot from the galley stove-pipe and moist whitening in Muldoon's face.

Consequently he looked like the spotted boy or like the piebald man of a recent novel.

Here was a black spot over one eye, a white



"Give him a bath!" cried Neptune. A big sailor began playing the hose upon Muldoon at the word, while all the rest held up their hands and chanted their mystic songs.

hilarity, Roger?" asked Muldoon, sticking a quizzing glass in his eye and looking awfully swell.

"Some sailor's game, I guess," answered Roger.

"Faix, they do be workin' hard enough, ginerally, to be allowed to have some recreation," muttered Muldoon. "Let's go and look an, me bye. I don't doubt that we shall be idified."

Muldoon and Roger went forward just as another burst of laughter arose, and somebody dashed out of the crowd and hurried aft.

"Phwat's goin' an?" asked Muldoon, pushing his way through the crowd.

"Oh, we're trying to give the rooster his eye," said one of the sailors, with a chuckle. Do you want to try it?"

"Give the rooster his eye!" cried Muldoon, in surprise. "Is he bloind?"

"This one is?"

"Well, faix, if he has wan eye can't he see wid that?"

"Oh, he's only got one?"

"How did he lose the other wan? In a fight?"

"He never had but wan."

"Niver had but wan eye! Begob, he must be a curiosity. He'd be a bad wan to put in a cock-pit, for av the other rooster got on his

"Why, you take a bit of chalk, let somebody blind you and then try and put the eye in the right place."

"That's it, is it?"

"Yes."

"Begob, I could foind the eye av the burrud ivery time."

"Bet you don't," cried several of the spectators.

"I'll take yez up," answered Muldoon readily. "How much av this do yez want, a dollar's worth?"

"Bet you a dollar you won't give the rooster his eye in three trials."

"I'm wid ye. Give me the bit av chalk."

A lump of chalk as big as his fist was given to Muldoon, and he carefully noted the position of the rooster on the deck.

"Now blind me," he said.

"All right," said the sailor, who had explained the game to Muldoon.

He had a white cloth in his hand and as he came up to Muldoon he dove his other hand into it and flung something slap into our hero's eyes.

"Howly shmoke!" yelled Muldoon, "I'm bloind."

Then all hands roared.

"Didn't you tell me to blind you?" cried the sailor, with a laugh.

one under the other, and a hybrid one on the end of his nose, while his forehead presented an assortment of colors.

Of course, the more he rubbed to get the stuff out of his eyes, the worse he made matters.

Instead of getting the color off he only ground it in the deeper, for soot is very sticky stuff and can only be removed by the process of skinning or by a liberal application of hot water and soft soap.

How the crowd did yell when Muldoon began to polish his face and hands a deep black or a mottled gray.

"Phwat are yez laughing at?" he demanded, indignantly.

Then he caught sight of his hands, the stuff having been removed from his eyes.

He ceased to wonder at the merriment of the gang.

"Begob, ye have colored me eyes for me, and now I'll have to return the compliment."

Then he made a dash for that funny sailor man, intending to put his eye in mourning.

The fellow was two sudden for Muldoon.

He let the latter have the whole mixture of soot and whitening right in the mug.

Of course poor Muldoon was blinded for the second time.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the joker, getting out of Muldoon's way.

Then the spectators loosened their buttons for fear of losing them and went into spasms again.

"Be heavens, I'm blind," yelled Muldoon digging his eyes out once more.

His face was a study in black and white that any artist might be proud of.

Perhaps Muldoon was no artist, for he didn't feel proud worth remarking about.

First he got mad and wanted to swab the deck with the whole crowd.

Then he suddenly discovered what a jack-donkey he was making of himself, and took a vacation.

He likewise took a go-as-you-please walk for the cabin, beating all contestants by several laps.

"The idee av puttin' an eye an the rooster wor all a delusion," he muttered. "Begob, ivery time there's anny fishing for suckers going an, I'm sure to be cot."

Roger enjoyed this little racket, for he had not worked it, knew nothing about it beforehand, and could not be accused of putting it up.

"Poor dad," he laughed, "his verdancy sticks out all over him, and he swallows bait just like any other sucker, and always gets taken in, besides."

"Faith, I can't accuse Roger av having a hand in this," muttered Muldoon, as he proceeded to scrub his face with soap, water and a brush. "I had two hands in it, meself, however, and foine hands they are now. Begob, av I didn't know different I'd think I wor a naygur."

It took him the greater part of the forenoon to remove the soot from his face, and as considerable skin went with it, he looked as if he had boiled or peeled by the time the operation was over.

A liberal anointing with vaseline and cold cream took out the soreness, but then his face gleamed like a lighthouse in a mist.

"Faix, I've h'ard av min's faces shining," he remarked, as he surveyed himself in the glass, "and mine is wan av thim koind. Phwat shall I do to remove the oleaginous superabundance?"

A box of face powder used by his wife stood near and forthwith Muldoon grabbed the puff and powdered himself most abundantly.

The powder was pink and made him look like a cherub, but he did not notice the difference in the semi-obscurity of the stateroom.

He went on deck, feeling sure that everything was lovely, but a titter arose from all hands the moment he appeared.

"Pop has been powdering again, the giddy dear," whispered Roger.

"I should think a man would have more sense," snapped an old maid who overheard the remark.

"Oh, Mr. Muldoon, you look too sweet for anything," cried Kitty, who was making some fancy work for Mrs. Muldoon.

"Faix, it's mighty vain ye are, Terry," said Mrs. Muldoon, who did not know about the rooster affair. "Since whin did yez begin to use pink powder?"

"It's not pink, it's white, and I put it an to raymove the tan from me face," replied Muldoon.

"Wor yer sojdewhiskers tanned too, Terry?" asked his wife, smiling. "Ye have as much an thim as an yer face."

"If you have red whiskers, pop, people will be calling for the white horse," said Roger.

"Begob, thin, av it's a white jackass they want, yez can answer the call at wanst," retorted Muldoon as he beat a retreat.

Then the story of the rooster got around, and Mrs. Muldoon laughed till she cried.

"That's just like Terry!" she exclaimed. "Be the toime he learns wisdom enough not to be cot be the jokes that do be goin' around he'll be ready to die."

Muldoon was of the same opinion, and resolved that he would have nothing to do with anything that wasn't square and fair on the face.

Whether he kept his resolution or not will be discovered as we proceed.

PART XV.

MULDOON had made a resolution not to be caught by any more jokes, if not for life, at least as long as he remained on board the steamer.

As far as that went he kept his resolution, for neither Roger nor any one else played any more rackets on him during the voyage.

One reason for this was that the voyage soon came to an end, or a part of it, at least.

The steamer touched at Honolulu, and here the Muldoons disembarked, our hero desiring to rest awhile before continuing his journey.

Muldoon and his wife, Roger, Kitty, Wiggins, the parrot and the pug dog, all went ashore and put up at a place called the United States Hotel, Muldoon being attracted to it by the name.

"It's at home I'll think I am wid such a name in me moind all the time," he observed, "and faix, if Xing Calico had anny sense he'd give up trying to pay off the mortgage an his throne, and annex himself to Ameriky at wanst."

"How could he do that, Terry?" asked his wife. "Sure the islands are too far away to jine on to Ameriky, and they couldn't be towed. Some av the little wans might get lost."

"Sure we could make foreign colonies av them, me dear, and thin there'd be no juty on the sandwiches we imparted."

Roger snickered, Miss Kitty smiled, Wiggins awoke from a nap and looked wise, and Muldoon went off for a walk feeling that he had put his foot in it again, though he hardly knew how.

The next day, after a good night's rest, the whole party set out to visit the city and the principal island, reserving the other sights to be seen on the group for other days.

Honolulu, as most of our readers may know, or if they don't, they ought to, is the capital and largest city of the group of twelve islands, being situated on the south side of Oahu, and has a population of fifteen thousand.

Here is where the king lives, his palace and many of the public buildings being composed of coral, which is as cheap a building material there as bricks are here, and maybe cheaper, seeing that it grows wild all over the place.

After tramping over the city for a long time, till the ladies were tired, Muldoon and Roger took a carriage and drove out into the suburbs, leaving Wiggins to escort Mrs. Muldoon and Kitty back to the hotel.

The driver of the carriage was white and an American, and, besides being a good guide, was quite a wag as well.

After driving all around the island he was returning to the city, when Muldoon espied a large deserted house standing back from the road.

"Phwat place is that, Williamson?" he asked. "Sure, there don't seem to be any wan living in it."

"You wouldn't live in it if you owned it," answered the guide, stopping his horses.

"And phwy not, begob? All it needs is a little repairs to make a foine residence av it. The situation is as good as anny on the island."

"Oh, that's all right; but you wouldn't live in it all the same," returned Williamson.

"Will ye explain the ralsen av that? The bare statement carries no conviction wid it, and I must know the why and wherefore before I accept your assertion as conclusive."

"Well, then, the house is haunted, and no one can live in it."

"Haunted!" repeated Muldoon, disdainfully. "Go an wid yez. Do yez think yez can play off anny such fairy tales an me?"

"I tell you the house is haunted," persisted the guide. "You could buy that house for a hundred dollars, if you could live in it, but nobody has been able to."

"For why?"

"Because it's haunted, I tell you."

"Be what? Rats?"

"No; but by the ghost of a former owner. He was a pirate and got immensely rich, came here to live, reformed, it was said, and built this house."

"Well, a pirate wor no worse for thim days than a shtock gambler is now," remarked Muldoon, sententiously.

"They say he died haunted by the ghosts of his many victims, men and women he had killed, and now his own ghost stalks about the place and even follows men who visit the house."

"That's all rubbish!" cried Muldoon. "I don't believe in yer ghosts, and to prove it to yez, I'll go all over the house from cellar to garret, be heavens."

"And I'll go with you, pop," said Roger. "I'd like to see the inside of a haunted house for once. Can we get in, Williamson?"

"Yes, I guess so. There used to be a back door that was always open; but you couldn't get any one on the island to go in for a fortune."

"Will you wait for us while we go through it, Williamson?" asked the young fellow.

"Yes, and I'll show you through. It's all right in the daytime, but at night the ghosts come."

"Begob, I'll take a night aff before I leave the island and sleep here," declared Muldoon decidedly. "It's not afraid av anny ould ghosts, I am."

"But these are awful ones," said Williamson, as he turned his horses and drove toward the house.

"In phwat respict are they awful?"

"Why, the ghost of old Muggs, that's the pirate, comes in the form of a skeleton all green and red and blue, as if he was on fire, while flames come out of his eyes."

"Be heavens, av he was a walking fire engine I'd not be afraid av um," asserted Muldoon.

"You wouldn't?"

"No, sor, because I don't beleave in anny such things. No man iver saw a ghost, and skiltions don't walk around av their own accord."

"Well, you couldn't get folks to live in that house, all the same," answered Williamson, and those that have tried it were satisfied with one night, those that weren't found dead the next day, that is."

"Hould an, hould an, it's too credulous intolirely ye think I am," cried Muldoon. "Faix, ye'll never imagine that I'll swally all that?"

"It's so, anyhow," said the guide.

By this time they had reached the main gate of the inclosure surrounding the haunted mansion, and all hands alighted.

The gate was open and they walked up a broad avenue pausing on the front veranda to listen.

Williamson tried the front door but it was locked, and he was obliged to go around to the rear.

Here they found an entrance, and proceeded to explore the old house from top to bottom. It was a great barn of a place with big rooms, wide halls and massive staircases, and was full of dust and spiders, but nothing else.

It was cool, though not damp, was built of coral and had hard wood floors and finishings, but not the first sign of furniture.

Muldoon was disgusted, and went out evidently very much disappointed.

"Begob, there's nothing romantic about the place," he muttered. "No ould mahogany furniture, no goold goblets, no plate, no silken curtains, no nothing. Sure, no well behaved ghost wud go into such a place twice."

In fact, there had been nothing to see in the house, and Muldoon considered it a waste of time to have gone into it.

"Begob, yez can talk about ghosts all ye loike," he said, as they drove away, "but I'll believe in them less since I saw that place than I did before."

"You ought to see the ghost of old Muggs after that," said the guide.

"Faix, av he comes muggin' around me, I'll hit him on the mug and par'lyze him," cried Muldoon.

"I suppose we'll have a visit from his grizzly nibbs," said Roger, "though dad will get the first call because he don't believe in him."

"I'll shoot any sucker av a ghost that comes prowling around me," asserted Muldoon, and the subject was changed to something more cheerful.

When they arrived at the hotel Muldoon went in first, leaving Roger to settle with the guide.

"Where can I get a good——" and our young friend whispered the rest of the sentence in the guide's ear.

Williamson laughed, slapped his leg, and exclaimed:

"I know a young fellow that has a dandy one, and I guess he'd lend it to you."

"All right. I'll see you later."

Sight seeing made Muldoon weary and he retired early, occupying a room by himself.

Mrs. Muldoon knew of his sleep-walking propensities and did not care to run any risk so long as there was any danger of his indulging in them.

"Sure, when Terry retoires at twelve or wan o'clock I have no fear whatever," she remarked, "but whin he goes up at noine I'm sure something will happen."

She was right this time.

Something did happen.

It wasn't Muldoon's fault, however.

At the later period to which Roger had referred, he saw his friend Williamson, and the latter interviewed his friend, Sawyer, the three having a great laugh over something.

Then, at a convenient time, the something was smuggled into the hotel, the clerk being

let into the secret, after which there was more hilarity.

When the clocks were striking the hour, no matter which one, something was taken into Muldoon's room and left there, and the conspirators silently stole away like the Arabs we hear about.

The Sandwich Island moon was putting in its very best shines, and sent a flood of light into Muldoon's room when there came a mysterious knock at the door.

At first Muldoon slumbered on, and did not hear it.

Then it was repeated, once, twice, thrice, and so on at regular intervals.

At first Muldoon dreamed that somebody

He sat bolt upright in bed and cried out: "Be heavens, professor, if yez want to dhrum on the flure wid yer heels phwy don't yez go into yer own room and do it?"

Then the moonlight got in its fine work.

Suddenly, and as if a block of ice had been placed at the base of his spine, Muldoon turned cold and began to shiver.

His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out in a way that would beat any crab in the world.

"Howly shmoke! phwat's that?" he gasped.

No wonder he was somewhat astonished.

There, at the foot of his bed, sitting where the moonlight fell full upon it, placed in an

swered an awful voice, which Muldoon could not detect as coming through the keyhole.

"Oh, begob, thin, the byes wor right," gasped he. "Sure it's a true story, thin."

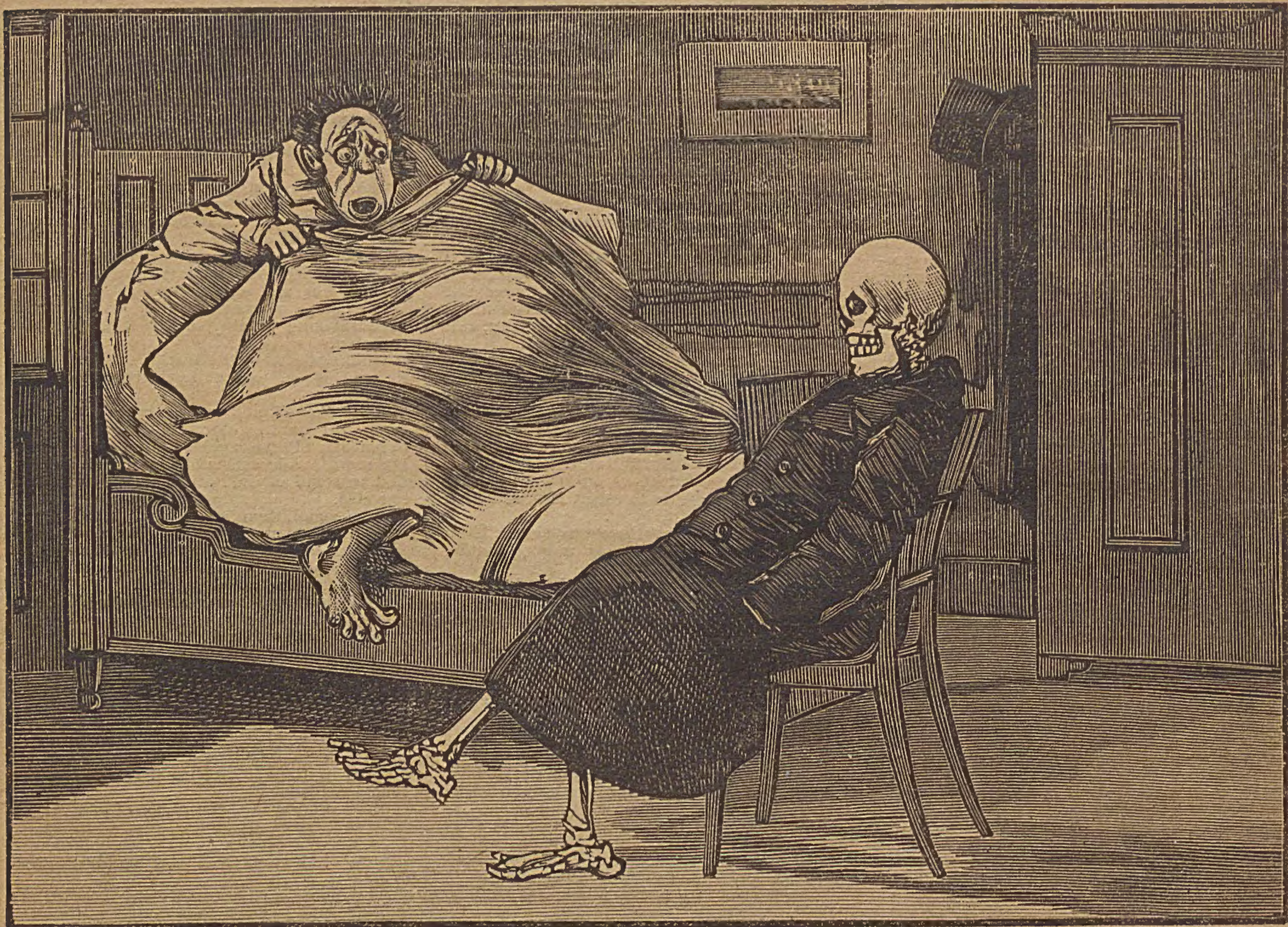
There sat Muggs in skeleton form, just as he had been described, and in such a position that Muldoon would be obliged to pass him in order to reach the door.

He couldn't stay in the same room with such a guest, and yet how was he to make his escape?

"What do yez want?" he at last managed to stammer.

"You!" answered that keyhole voice. "Terrence Muldoon, your time has come."

"Oh, my! oh, my! the sucker knows me



Suddenly, and as if a block of ice had been placed on the base of his spine, Muldoon turned cold and began to shiver. His hair stood on end and his eyes bulged out in a way that would beat any crab in the world. "Howly shmoke! phwat's that?" he gasped.

was going to bed in the next room and kicking off their boots.

"Faix, there must be tin av them in the room," he thought, "or else the feller is doing target practice wid his boots at the dure-knob."

Thump!

This time Muldoon awoke.

"I wondher is it Wiggins that has the next room?" he thought. "Begob, he's absent-minded enough to pick up his boots a dozen times and not know he has 'em aff."

Thump!

This time Muldoon perceived that the knocking was at his own door.

"Faix, it's late for a caller," he muttered.

"Who can it be, I wondher? Who's there?"

Thump!

Then he sat up in bed.

As he did so he caught sight of a figure sitting at the foot of the bed.

"Begob, it's Wiggins himself," he muttered;

"I can see the bald head av him. Phat's he doin' here, I wondher?"

Thump!

There was something particularly weird and ghostly and uncanny and spooky about that knocking, and Muldoon began to be very strangely impressed by it.

ordinary cane-seated chair, was a human skeleton.

Its arms hung at its side, its feet stuck out in front, and its head was cocked on one side in a very rakish fashion.

It wore an old and very much dilapidated military coat, but that was all.

What Muldoon had taken for the professor's bald head was its shining skull, upon which the moonbeams were playing for all they were worth.

It did not take Muldoon long to take a full sense of the nature of his nocturnal visitor.

"Begob, it's a dead man I am," he muttered, as he drew the clothes up around his neck.

He could not help looking at the figure, though he wanted to shut it out from sight.

He was fascinated, however, and could not help but look, while his hair stood up stiffer, his limbs grew colder, and his teeth chattered till he could scarcely speak.

"Who are ye, and phwat do yez want?" he finally made bold to ask.

His eyes were as big as plates, the cold sweat ran off him in rivers, and he shook so that it was a wonder the bed did not fall apart.

"I'm the ghost of Muggs the pirate!" an-

name!" gasped poor Muldoon, turning colder than ever, if that were possible.

"I can't go wid yez. I have a more important engagement," he replied, with chattering teeth.

"No, you must come now," and the skeleton appeared about to rise.

That was too much for Muldoon.

He forgot all about his threat to shoot the first ghost that dared to come fooling around him.

He thought only of flight.

He never even dreamed that the whole thing was a gag.

He gave one leap out of the bed, carrying sheets, blankets, and all, with him.

His second bound took him to the door, which he lost no time in throwing open, as it was not locked.

Out he dashed in a jiffy, falling over Williamson, who had not been able to get away in time.

Roger and Sawyer had heard him when he jumped out of bed, and had dusted upon the instant.

Williamson was less fortunate, and he and Muldoon rolled over on the floor like a couple of angry cats.

Muldoon never guessed what the matter was, however.

He thought for sure that his ghostly visitor had collared him, and intended to take him off to some dismal abode under the earth, or perhaps, to the haunted house itself.

"Begob, I'll not go wid yez av I can help it!" he yelled, plucking up courage.

It was dark in the hall, for Roger and Sawyer had skipped with the light, and Muldoon could see nothing.

He struck out, however, and as good luck or bad would have it, caught Williamson right in the eye, temporarily closing that useful organ.

Then he jumped up, shook off the guide and hooked it along the hall and down-stairs as fast as he could go.

He had on nothing but a night-shirt, but that didn't matter.

One cannot think of such a trifling thing as dress when flying from a real bona fide ghost.

When Muldoon had gone down-stairs three steps at a jump, the three conspirators met in front of his room.

"What a narrow escape!" said Sawyer.

"What a bully black eye I'll have to-morrow," remarked Williamson.

"We must get this thing out of the way," said Roger, "for the governor will be back before long."

"But my eye!" muttered Williamson.

"I'll fix that all right," said Sawyer, who was a doctor and surgeon.

He was the owner of "Muggs the pirate," as that skeleton was ever afterward called.

Roger had asked Williamson where he could find a good one, and the guide had recommended Sawyer, knowing that he was always ready for a snap.

The result of the consultation was the midnight visit to Muldoon of Muggs the pirate.

The night clerk, who was in the secret, was having a quiet little snooze, when Muldoon suddenly burst into the office in a frilled night shirt, looking the picture of terror.

"What's the matter, Mr. Muldoon?"

"There's a skeleton in me room and I want it removed."

"A skeleton!"

"Yis, sor, a live skeleton, and he most had the head frightened aff me. I'm not used to such things in me room. Have yez anny whisky?"

"The bar is closed, Mr. Muldoon."

"Well, thin, open it and I'll stand treat. It's something for me nerves I must have or I'll go crazy."

"You've been dreaming, Mr. Muldoon."

"I have not, thin. I wor wide awake and saw the skiliton wid me own eyes and hard it speak to me. That wor too much for me, and I med me escape wid the greatest expedition, begorrah."

"Yes. You seem to have been in considerable of a hurry," replied the clerk, laughing; "but I'm afraid you were dreaming for all that."

"Come up and I'll show yez that I wor not!" cried Muldoon indignantly.

When he and the clerk arrived at the scene of the late conflict between man and specter everything was found to be in perfect order.

The bed was open, the clothes being turned back, there were no signs of any skeleton, and everything was as quiet and orderly as need be.

"I told you it was only a dream, Mr. Muldoon," said the clerk. "You'd better go to bed again and think no more about it."

Then the clerk went down-stairs, and Muldoon could hear him chuckling to himself all the way down.

"It's another gag it is," he muttered as he locked the door and sat on the bed, "and I wor not wise enough to see it till this minute. The clerk is in it, too, and if Roger has a black eye in the morning I'll know that he wor the invinhor av this, as he is av ivery snap that's worked an me."

However, Roger did not show the least sign of a bruise anywhere about his person, and Muldoon was nonplused.

"I know it wor a thrick," he muttered, "but that bye is so cute that he'd shtear brimstone from undher the very nose av the divil and he'd know nothing about it."

PART XVI.

MULDOON and his family remained in the Sandwich Islands for some little time, as there was so much to see and they were not limited as to time.

In fact they stayed so long that the steamer went without them, and Wiggins continued

his journey to Australia alone, keeping his head and knowing when to go aboard, much to Muldoon's surprise.

Our friends visited the different islands of the famous group discovered by Captain Cook, and where he finally succumbed to an overdose of club sauce, taking a trip to Hawaii and seeing the famous volcano of Mouna Loa, going to the museums and in fact taking in all the sights.

When nearly everything had been seen that was worth seeing, Muldoon concluded that he might as well go on to Australia, and from there, after seeing the country, go to India and then over to Europe.

He had missed one steamer, however, and there wasn't another for several days, nearly a week, in fact.

One pleasant afternoon Muldoon and Roger were out taking a walk in the principal street of the town, looking at the sights, when along came a very stylish, open carriage, drawn by two splendid horses, and driven by a coachman in livery, a footman sitting beside him, while another sat on a box behind.

What struck Muldoon, however, was that while the driver and footmen were white, the occupant of the carriage was very dark.

"Be heavens, Roger, look at the naygur dhriving out wid a white coachman and futman," he cried. "Begorrah, that's more than a naygur wud dar to do in New York. I loike the impudence av him."

"Oh, that's all right, pop," said Roger, with a grin.

"No, it's not all right," muttered Muldoon. "Luck at the high hat av him! Faix, I'd loike to knock it aff wid a shtone wanst."

"Bet you couldn't hit it," said Roger, never dreaming that his father would accept the challenge.

The man in the carriage was quite dark, as we have said, and had quite a distinguished air, although he was simply dressed, wearing a black frock coat and a high silk hat.

Roger might have informed his father who the person was, but Muldoon gave him no chance.

The carriage had passed, but the man in it was still to be seen, on account of his elevated position.

"Bet ye fin dollars I'll do it," cried Muldoon in answer to Roger's challenge.

In an instant he had caught up a moderate-sized stone out of the roadway, and in another it went whizzing through the air with a singing sound.

It caught the high dicer of the man in the carriage and sent it spinning in a jiffy.

Roger was too late to prevent the action, but now his face showed his alarm.

"Skip, dad, as tight as you can hook it," he gasped, as he grabbed Muldoon by the arm and hurried him down the street.

At the very first turning he switched his father off and turned again as soon as he had a chance, evidently trying to lose himself if possible.

"Phwat is the rayson av yer great haste, me bye?" cried Muldoon, as soon as he could get his breath.

Roger paused in a doorway half way down a narrow alley, listened for a moment and said:

"Do you know who that fellow in the carriage was, pop?"

"Some big naygur or other, I suppose, who has more money than sinse."

"Well, that was Kalakaua himself, the King of the Sandwich Islands."

Muldoon gave a gasp and nearly fell in a fit.

"Oh, my! oh, my! ye don't-tell me that," he muttered. "Ye're joking, ye young flast-fier."

"No, sir, not a joke."

"Ye're sure it wor King Calico himself and not wan av his ginerals or minishthers or cabinet offissers?"

"No, no, no, it was the king himself, and you've got yourself into a nice box."

"Faix, I think it's an oven, and not an ice-box, begob. I'm that hot wid runnin' that—"

"Cheese it!" cried Roger, and hurrying Muldoon along at the top of his speed he went from one street to another, up this alley and down that, turning and twisting in every direction, until his poor father was so bewildered that he did not know if he were afoot or on horseback.

"Hould an, Roger, hould an, for the love av goodness," he panted, as he leaned against the door of a ware-house down near the docks.

"Is it a grease spot you want to make av me?"

"Do you want the soldiers to catch you and string you up to the nearest tree, pop?" asked Roger.

"Faix, they wouldn't do that. I'm an American citizen, so I am."

"Well, they wouldn't stop to ask what you are after what you did."

"Begob, I know me rights, Roger, and I'd demand an investigation. Yez can't hang a mon widout a fair thrial."

"I guess one trial at hanging would satisfy you, pop."

"Faix, ye know I didn't mean that."

"Well, well, come on or we'll be tracked. I'm not sure that I've thrown them off the scent?"

"Do yez think they recognized me?" asked Muldoon, the sweat bursting from him anew.

"Sure, their backs were turned."

"Some one mast have done so, pop, and these fellows are terribly jealous of the honor and dignity of their king."

"Sure, I'll face it out, thin. I'm a true democrat, and I don't care a copper for all the kings and queens in the worruld."

"Don't be foolish, father. These fellows would murder you as soon as wink."

While Roger was disposed to guy his parent to a certain extent, he was still sensible of the danger he ran, and had been all along trying to think how he could get him out this last scrape.

"Come on, pop," he said in a whisper.

"People are beginning to notice your agitation."

"Are yez goin' back to the hotel?" asked Muldoon, as they proceeded.

"To the hotel! Mercy, no. They'll search that the first thing."

"Where are yez goin' then, begob? Do you know the whole city?"

"I know enough of it, pop, to pilot you around."

The young fellow then led the way to the docks, and presently espied a ship, flying the American flag, that was loading, being nearly ready for sea.

She was a large vessel, and looked like a fast one, and Roger formed an idea as soon as he saw her.

"Come along, pop," he said, and in a few moments the Muldoons father, and son were on board.

"Captain about?" asked Roger, of a man whom he took to be an under officer.

"You'll find him in the cabin," and the man passed on.

"Phwat are ye goin' to do, Roger?" whispered Muldoon. "Ship me beforo the masht? Faix, anny wan can see I'm no sailor."

Roger smiled, but he hadn't the heart to torment his poor dad at such a time, and so he said nothing.

Entering the cabin and easily recognizing the captain by his appearance, he said lightly:

"Captain, have you room for a few passengers? We have missed our steamer and prefer not to stay here any longer."

"Well, I don't always carry passengers, but—"

"Oh, we'll pay the regular rates, captain."

"H'm, I wasn't thinking of that, my lad. How many of you are there?"

"Four; father and I and two ladies."

"But you don't want to go to China?"

"Oh, yes we do; that's the very place of all that we want to see. When do you sail?"

"Late this evening."

"Well, if you'll take us, we'll go."

"What name?"

"Muldoon. We are Americans. See here a moment, cap," added Roger, mysteriously.

The young fellow then took the captain aside and explained to him their reasons for wanting to make so hurried a departure.

The captain laughed immoderately, and, while admitting that there was some danger in harboring the fugitive, agreed to take the risk.

He and Roger then came to terms upon another matter, while Muldoon sat watching them with a very puzzled expression.

"Mr. Muldoon," said the skipper, coming forward, "I am running a terrible risk in taking you on board, for if the government officials were to find it out they would blow my vessel clean out of the water."

Muldoon only gasped, and the captain went on:

"However, I am an American citizen, as you are, and consider it my duty to protect you. There are certain precautions, however, which we shall be obliged to take."

"Name them," said Muldoon.

"You must be disguised, for it will be useless to try to hide you if any search is made."

"Faix, I'll black up, dye me sluggers, and go as the naygur cook."

"You must certainly be disguised, and as

you couldn't possibly look or act like a sailor, I think I'll have to accept the colored cook idea."

"Anything to get out av the difficulty, captain dear," sighed poor Muldoon. "Oh, my! Oh, my! how wor I to know that it wor King Calico's dicer I knocked aff?"

"You couldn't, of course, but that is no excuse. Any insult to the king is punished with death."

Muldoon felt as if he had been hauled through fourteen miles of gas pipe.

"You must stay here now," the captain said, "and your son will see to getting the ladies and your baggage aboard."

"Be heavens, I won't set me fut on land again till I'm on the say," said Muldoon, some-

can. Pop is going to remain on board till we come."

"Faith, he does well to stay away," sputtered Roger's mother, "for he knows I'd blow him up for goin' aff in such a hurry. Well, well, it's just like Muldoon. He niver does annything like other folks."

There was not very much time to lose, for a fact, but Roger packed his own and his father's trunk, locked those belonging to his mother and Kitty, paid the bill at the hotel, made an advantageous disposal of the Australian tickets, had the baggage sent quietly to the vessel, ate a hearty dinner, had time to look about town, and dispatched his mother and Kitty to the dock in a carriage, and all in the space of six or seven hours.

cried Roger, escaping before he was obliged to tell any more lies.

Just before the vessel sailed a lot of mysterious-looking men came on board and began prying into everything above and below decks.

Muldoon, in a white cap and jacket, with his face and hands blacked, sat in the galley in a state of fear and trembling.

"Look out, pop. Keep it up. Here are the royal guards come to look for you," whispered Roger, as he hurried by.

It was a wonder that the cold perspiration which ran down Muldoon's face did not wash the black clean off, but it did not; it only made white streaks.

The soldiers hunted everywhere, asked



"What have ye there?" asked Muldoon of the smiling waiter. The tea store chromo lifted the cover of the dish and put on a still more seraphic smile. Muldoon got one glance of the dainty in front of him and sprang up in disgust. Rats on toast!

what confusedly. "I'm on American soil, as it wor, so long as I'm on this ship, and they wouldn't dar' to dhrag me aff it."

"They might," muttered the captain, "and we shall have to be very cautious."

"Roger then left, the captain saying to him as they went ashore together:

"Yes, we can have lots of fun and scare the wits out of him, but we may have to be cautious after all."

"Come to think of it," said Roger, "the whole thing happened so suddenly, and we got away so quickly, that I hardly think we were recognized at all. I was so scared for a few minutes, though, that I imagined all sorts of things."

"Very likely the whole thing was looked upon as an accident."

"Perhaps. I'll keep my eyes open, however."

Then he returned to the hotel, where he learned that the incident had not yet been heard of.

Seeking out his mother, he told her that Muldoon had suddenly changed his mind, and that they were going to China on a sailing vessel, instead of waiting for the Australian steamer.

"We're goin' to-night," he added, "and you and Kitty will have to pack up as soon as you

The assault on the king, as it was called, had caused some little commotion, he learned, but nobody seemed to be able to identify the offender.

Several revolutionary characters had been apprehended and were now awaiting an investigation, but nobody seemed to be certain who the real criminal was, and there were as many different opinions on the subject as there are true sources of the river Nile.

"Well, they seem to think they've got the fellows, at any rate," laughed Roger, "and I guess the ship runs no risk of being searched. It's a bully good chance to roast dad, though, and the cap and I must work the racket for all it's worth."

The ship was to sail at eleven o'clock, and Roger brought his mother and Kitty aboard half an hour before this time, and installed them in their cabins.

"Where is yer father, Roger?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, as she sat down and looked around.

"Oh, he's engaged with the second officer. You'd better see to unpacking your trunks, I guess."

"The idee av going away in such a hurry," muttered the lady. "Faith, it's wan talking I'll give him whin I see him."

"All right, mother. I'll send him to you,"

Muldoon no end of questions on all sorts of ridiculous subjects, and finally dispersed, somewhere, just as the lines were cast off and the ship glided out into the harbor.

Muldoon had answered only in monosyllables, but, even then, he was afraid he had given himself away, and was in an agony until he saw the soldiers disappear.

The latter, by the way, were only sailors under instructions from the captain, and they enjoyed scaring Muldoon as much as he was frightened.

Finally, when they were out from shore, Muldoon was told that he might wash up, but then, what with the excitement and the motion of the ship and everything else, he became so sick that his wife had not a word of reproof to say to him when he finally put in an appearance.

The next day, or the next after that, he recognized one of the supposed soldiers on deck, and went to Roger in a dreadful state of alarm.

"Oh, Roger, I'm lost intirely," he gasped. "The sogers av the royal guard have followed us. I met wan av thim on deck just now."

Roger laughed in spite of himself, and said: "There weren't any soldiers at all, pop. They were only sailors rigged up. You were

never suspected at all, though you might have been."

Muldoon looked several things which he did not mention.

"Do yez mane to tell me that this is another av yer snaps?" he asked.

"No, pop, this is one of the cap's. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yerself and the captain are two vilyants," muttered Muldoon, in disgust, "and I haven't med up me mind yet which is the worst."

Then he went off to have a quiet smoke in the shade while Roger hunted up Kitty to have a chat with her, his mother being deep in her newest novel.

It didn't take Roger long to get acquainted with all hands on board the ship, and it was fun alive for him from morning to night.

If we were to tell of the many pranks he played, we would never get through, but we must hurry on and only relate events of importance.

The voyage was a pleasant one for all the party, and the only regret they had was that it could not have lasted longer.

Muldoon grew brown and rotund under the influence of salt air, ocean breezes and good fare, his wife was more fat and rosy than ever. Miss Kitty got to be prettier every day and Roger of course, was the same handsome, saucy fellow he was when he left New York.

The voyage ended at Hong Kong and our friends, after bidding an affectionate adieu to the captain, took themselves and their belongings on shore and went to an English hotel, where they proposed staying for some little time.

"To think that I should go to China afther all," mused Muldoon, after they had been in the city a few days, "whin I swore I'd have nothing to do wid the haythins."

"I'm sure it's all very interesting, Terry," said his wife. "It's like looking at a set av ould-fashioned Chiny taycups and saucers to see the queer little houses and the min and women wid their petticoats and umbrellas."

"So it is," said Muldoon; "but phwat troubles me is that I can't tell the differ bechune the min and the women. They all look alike."

"I hope ye won't go to flirting wid them squint-eyed China women, Terrence," said his wife severely, "but I niver can tell phwat ye'll do."

"Whist now, me jool," cried Muldoon. "Ye know that I think ye far shuperior to anny av them tay flowers or sisters-in-law av the moon, as they call the women. Faix, there's pot wan av them, however beautiful, that I'd luck at afther gazing an yer bleached bangs and rosy cheeks."

"Go an now, ye desaver," cried Mrs. Muldoon, not displeased at this little bit of flattery. "Faix, ye're that woid nfter the women that I believe ye'd elope wid a blackamore, if she only gav' yez a little quiet taffy."

"Sure, yez know I wouldn't," cried Muldoon. "Ain't I as thrue as the reedle to the pole, me lady burrud?"

"Yes, ye air—not!" cried Mrs. Muldoon in great disdain, and Muldoon went off to see the sights.

One day our hero took it into his head to have a real Chinese dinner of rice and birds-nests, stewed chicken and mooncakes, pork and sweet herbs, and all that sort of thing.

He told Roger of his intentions and asked him what was the best place to obtain such a repast.

Roger informed him and also interviewed the cook of the place in advance of his father's arrival.

Muldoon walked in the Chin Slam Sling royal mandarin eating house, took a seat at a little bamboo table, put his hat under his chair and took up the bill of fair which was printed in the choicest tea chest Mongolian.

A smiling Chinaman in a blue silk blouse and wide-bottomed trousers waddled up and stood before him.

"Give me a forst class regular dinner in the Chinase style," said Muldoon. "I can't read those crow-tracks."

The Chinaman bowed, smiled and waddled off, leaving Muldoon in a state of uncertainty as to whether he had been understood or not.

After a few minutes the smiling servitor came waddling back and placed a large covered dish in front of Muldoon, and then smiled so broadly that the guest thought some one must have left the furnace door open.

"What have ye there?" asked Muldoon of the smiling waiter.

The tea store chromo lifted the cover of the dish and put on a still more seraphic smile.

Muldoon got one glance of the dainty in front of him and sprang up in disgust.

Rats on toast!

There was no mistaking them.

They could not be taken for broiled squabs or deviled chops, or chickens' livers impaled, or anything but just what they were.

Rats!

Muldoon's hair stood on end, and his stomach threatened to turn a somersault at once.

"What have yez there, ye pigtailed son of a babboon?" he cried, in horror.

The Chinaman said never a word, but smiled more expansively than ever.

Muldoon began to feel certain sensations that warned him he had better get out of the place before something happened.

"Take 'im away," he yelled. "Is it a rat eater ye think I am?"

"Belly nicee, allee lage in Hong Kong, so be," said the waiter, speaking for the first time, and smiling till the very air seemed radiant.

"All the rage in Hong Kong! Oh, murder!" and Muldoon made a sudden bolt, overturned chair, table and all, slid ten feet along the polished floor and then lighted out, feeling such a pressing demand for his presence outside that he could not get away half fast enough.

PART XVII.

RATS on toast!

That's what they gave Muldoon at that swell Chinese restaurant in Hong Kong.

To say that it turned his stomach would be simply absurd.

That very necessary and indispensable article of domestic furniture made a regular circus performer of itself, and if it turned once, it performed that gymnastic feat a dozen times.

At any rate, Muldoon never imagined he could be so sick in so short a time.

He turned sadly away from that restaurant, not even returning for his hat, and vowed never to go into a Chinese place of entertainment again.

Roger met him leaning against a post on the next corner, and addressed him:

"Hullo, dad, what's the matter? Where's your hat?"

"I donno, I think I left it in the Chinese hash house beyant."

"Well, why don't you go for it?"

"Go in there? Niver!" and Muldoon turned away to hide his feelings.

"What's the matter, pop?" asked Roger, again. "Didn't they give you a good —"

But Muldoon was off before Roger could finish, and on the way the young fellow heard him make some very strange remarks which he could not very well make out the gist of.

"Be heavens, if I think av it, aven, it makes me sick," mused Muldoon, when he recovered.

He went back to his hotel, put on another hat, lighted a cigar, and resolved that no fairy stories of the delights of Oriental cookery would ever tempt him again.

"I'd like to walk on the great wall and explore the great waters av the Yanker Kibang, or phwativer ilse they do call it," he observed, "but if I do I know I'll be sick again, and I'm going to give the whole impire av China the grand bounce and leave be the farst steamer that goes, begorrah."

Muldoon was as good as his word, and the next steamer that left Hong Kong found him and all his numerous family on board.

This time they were bound to Calcutta, as Muldoon had resolved to shed the light of his countenance upon India and cut a swell among the nabobs.

"Wasn't me ancesthor, Cornalius Muldoon, the governor av wan av the ancient provinces av Injei, before the English stepped in," he remarked.

"I have only your worrud for it, Terry," answered his wife, to whom the question had been put.

"Well, he war, and be the English invasion he lost ivery pinny, and that's another injustice to ould Ireland, begob."

The steamer was making good speed across the Indian Ocean when, one day as Muldoon came on deck after dinner, the man on the lookout reported a sail to the windward.

"Shouldn't wonder if that was a pirate, pop," said Roger, who had come up with his father.

At the same time the young rascal winked at one of the under officers standing near.

The latter had already got onto Muldoon's

whimsicalities, and had suggested a good snap to Roger.

"Pirates!" echoed Muldoon. "Shure the days av pirates have long passed."

"Not a bit of it, pop, and don't you believe it."

"Faix, I know they have," protested Muldoon. "Where wud a pirate schooner be alongside a shteamer? Faix, she'd be overhauled in tin minyutes."

"Oh, but the Malay pirates can sail like the wind, pop, and they're the worst kind."

"Yis, I know, but that's long ago, me bye. Ye have been reading too many saffron backed romances, and yer moind is colored wid them."

"No, sir, it isn't. There are pirates yet, aren't there, Mr. Ropes?" appealing to the officer.

"To be sure there are," asserted Ropes. "You can't kill off these Malay beggars. Why, it was only on our last voyage that we had a brush with them."

"Is it truth ye're telling me?" asked Muldoon.

"Certainly," and Ropes looked as truthful as young Georgy Wash himself.

"But yez got away?"

"Oh, yes."

"Sure, av they can go like the wind, I wondher you could escape."

"Well, you see the wind died out, and as we were under steam we shook them off. If there had been any wind, though, they would have pulled up upon us, steam or no steam."

"Are they very ferocious?" asked Muldoon, his eyes beginning to bulge.

"Ferocious? Well, you can just gamble on it. Why, they'd kill their own mothers-in-law."

"Faix, I know manny a man, and not a Malay either, that wud loike to do that," remarked Muldoon, wisely. "That's nothing."

"Oh, but these fellows are perfect terrors. If they had caught us, every man Jack would have had to walk the plank."

"Well, there's no hardship in that, av the plank is woide enough. I can do it mesilf whin there isn't too much motion."

"Yes, but suppose one end of it hangs over the sea?"

"Thin I wouldn't walk an that ind at all. I'd take the other."

"H'm! They wouldn't let you."

"Sure, av that's phwat yez call walking the plank, I don't want anny av it."

"Well, that's what we would have had fi we were taken, unless we were slaughtered first."

"It's a cheerful way ye have av talking," muttered Muldoon, as the cold shakes ran down his spine.

"Oh, I'm only telling you what you may expect if we happen to meet any of these gentlemen. I don't half like the looks of that fellow out there, myself, but I haven't said anything to the captain yet."

"Tell him to put an all-steam imajitely," gasped Muldoon. "Doyez think I want to be murdered in could blood?"

"No more than the rest of us, I suppose, Mr. Muldoon," answered Ropes, carelessly.

"No more than the rest av yez! Be heavens, I've nothing to do wid the rest. It's me own skin I'm thinking av. Small differ it wud make to me, afther I wor dead, whether the rest av ye survived or not."

"Oh, you'll grow indifferent after you've been chased by pirates a few times, and come to think nothing of it."

"Yis, that's all right, sor, but I don't expect to habituate mesilf to walking the plank or being slaughthered, and I have no intintions that way aither. That's wan thing I could niver get used to."

"Well, I don't suppose that fellow can catch us under an hour, anyhow," remarked Ropes, indifferently, "so you have that long to live at any rate."

Muldoon shook till he dislodged his eyeglass.

"An hour is it? Faix, ye speak av it as though it wor twinty years."

"She does have a bad look, Ropes," muttered Roger, looking at the strange vessel through a pair of field glasses.

"Yes, so she has," returned Ropes.

"Wouldn't be surprised if she turned out to be our old acquaintance of last voyage."

The conversation was becoming too monotonous for Muldoon, and he went off to the smoking-room so as to have a chance to think of something else.

"He's bitten," chuckled Roger, when Muldoon was out of hearing.

"Like a shark at a nigger," added Ropes, laughing.

"Now to fix the snap," said Roger.

"Yes, I've posted some of the boys."

"That's all hunk. You be the boss pirate and I'll be your first butcher."

"It's a go!"

Half an hour later, as Muldoon was coming out of the smoking-room, he was suddenly confronted by three or four fierce fellows in short, baggy breeches, big boots and white shirts.

They all wore red caps, were full bearded, and carried a small arsenal in their belts and bootlegs.

"Seize the trembling minion!" cried the fiercest fellow of the lot, a man with a red beard, a bad eye and a hooked nose.

"Pirates, begorrah," muttered Muldoon, attempting to run.

He was seized before he could take a step,

He had heard of such things, and considered being a live pirate far preferable to being a dead honest man.

"No!" muttered the pirate, as he grated his teeth. "Only blood can satisfy me now."

Muldoon's legs shook under him, and the pirates were forced to hold him up.

"What if I tell yez where to foind a buried treasure?" he cried, catching at the last straw. It was no go.

"It is useless. He dies!" growled the bad man of the sea as he rattled his cutlass against a young cannon in his belt.

A red sash was suddenly put around Muldoon's head and he could not see a thing.

Then he was dragged forward, bound and

Then all hands began to laugh.

Muldoon took a bigger tumble than when he had fallen into the water butt.

The pirates were Ropes and some of the sailors.

One or two of the crew, also, were now recognized as fellow-passengers.

"Bail me out!" cried Muldoon, trying to climb out of the butt. "It's a sucker ye've made av me agin, be heavens, and I'm afraid that it'll be me normal condition prisintly."

Then he was hoisted out of the cask and went off to change his soaked garments.

Roger and Ropes swapped chuckles and shook hands with each other over the success of their joke.

"Will I niver shtop biting at these snaps?"



"Take yer hands aff!" he cried, striking out vigorously and upsetting the officers. "I am an American citizen, be heavens! and the mon that thries to arrest me does it at his pur!"

and two huge blunderbusses were pressed against his temples.

"Make one move, and you are a dead man," thundered the boss buccaneer, as Muldoon now knew him to be.

Our poor traveler could not have moved if he had wanted to, he was held so tightly.

"Hand over your wealth," now commanded the pirate, as Muldoon was dragged forward.

"I haven't a pinny," was the answer. "I lost it all playing poker in the smoking-room."

"Then you must walk the plank," said the corsair in an awful voice.

"Maybe me bye, Roger, has some money an his clothes," faltered Muldoon, getting very nervous; "enough to pay me ransom."

"That's the young feller we just chucked over to the sharks," said the second pirate.

"Then this one walks the plank," muttered the first.

Poor Muldoon!

He was surrounded by a dozen ugly-looking brutes, all having a professional cutthroat appearance, and the ship seemed to have fallen into their hands, for not an officer, sailor or passenger was to be seen.

"Blindfold him and make him walk the plank!" was the next order of the chief pirate.

"What's the matter wid me joining the gang and saving me life?" asked Muldoon, all in a tremble.

suddenly lifted up and placed on his feet at a higher level.

"Now walk!" hissed the pirate.

"I will not," and Muldoon stood still.

"Walk!" yelled all the pirate crew.

"I won't!"

Suddenly, however, something sharp was thrust into the calf of his leg.

"Begorrah, I'm shtabbed!" he howled as he bounded forward.

The plank gave a tilt and at the next instant Muldoon was floundering up to his neck in water.

His arms were tied behind him and he could not use them, but he made up for it in kicking.

Then, all at once, the red sash was whisked off, and his eyes were flooded with light.

Where was he?

In the sea?

Not a bit of it.

He was in water, to be sure, but the water was in a hogshead and the latter was on deck.

The pirates were there yet, but their faces wore a more familiar aspect than before.

They no longer wore whiskers, false noses or patches over their eyes.

Some of them, too, had begun to throw off their piratical garments and appeared more ship shape.

muttered Muldoon. "If it isn't Roger it's some wan else puts thim up an me. I'll have to begin to square accounts wid somebody if I iver expect to get aven."

When our friends arrived at Calcutta, they put up at an English hotel, and did the city and the surrounding country, a little at a time, thus managing to see a good deal in a short time.

One day Muldoon had sent for a horse and carriage, as he wanted to take his party out for a drive.

"Tell thim to sind around wan av the native vehicles," he said to the clerk. "I want to do the thing up in stoyle, begob."

In the course of twenty minutes word was esnt up that the carriage was ready, and the whole Muldoon gang, not including the pug dog and the parrot, came down.

"There's your rig," said the clerk, pointing to the street.

Muldoon went out, but saw nothing but an elephant with a car on his back, and a native driver standing alongside.

"Where is me carriage?" he asked.

"Does the sahib want to ride?" asked the Indian.

"I do, faix."

"Then will the sahib be pleased to mount?"

"Phwat! Olinb on top av the ilipphant? Is there no other way av riding?"

"The sahib wanted a native vehicle," said the hotel clerk with a grin, "and here it is." "Faix, the car may be well enough," muttered Muldoon, "but me circus days are over. Fancy Senator Muldoon riding on the back av an ilphamt! Me constitoocents wud all go back on me av they h'ard av it."

"Sure, I'd loike to ride wan, Terry," said Mrs. Muldoon, in a pleased tone. "It must be deloightful."

"Go on, ye giddy fairy," cried Muldoon in disgust. "Is it a ten thousand dollar beauty ye think ye are, to roide an ilphamt and have all the byes commenting an yer shape? It's ashamed av yez I am."

"It's the custom av the counthry to ride ilphants, Terry. All the ladies do it."

"Troth, if it wor the custom av the counthry to stand an wan's head, that's no reason why I should make a fool av meself. Begorrah, Bedalia, I thought ye had more since."

"Ah, Terrence, let me ride on it, jist wanst," pleaded the giddy Mrs. Muldoon.

"Go an, and don't be teasin' me. Take away yer ould ilphamt. Sure, it's not a throupe av circus performers we are."

The elephant was taken away, but the clerk had had his little joke, which he greatly enjoyed.

It was not the sort of snap Roger would have worked, but then it wasn't bad for an Englishman, and young Mr. Muldoon encouraged him and told him that if he kept on he might some day write funeral puns for Punch, and become a great man, unless somebody killed him in the meantime.

From Calcutta Muldoon and his party crossed India by rail, taking a steamer from Bombay to Aden and then up the Red Sea to Suez.

Here they went to Alexandria and Cairo, took in the Nile and the pyramids and the desert, and afterwards took a flying journey through Palestine and thence across the Mediterranean to Italy.

Muldoon had given Europe a pretty good doing up on his former visit, and not caring to go over the same ground again, he resolved to go straight to London and settle down till he was ready to go home.

"Faix, I'm sick av hearing shtrange tongues," he remarked as he was leaving Paris, "and it's glad I'll be to be wanst more in a land where I can understand phwat's said to me."

"Oh, but ye should l'arn Frinch," cried his wife. "Roger can spake it beautiful and it's very handy."

"Roger is a dude, me dear, and thim kind has to have some accomplishments, to hide their lack av brains."

From Calais the party crossed to Dover, and then took the London, Chatham & Dover railroad to the metropolis.

Knowing the terrible fuss made in London over Irish-Americans, our young friend Roger concluded to play off a little gag on his pop and the London police at the same time.

Just before leaving Dover he sent the following dispatch to the detectives of Scotland Yard:

"Watch for Terrence Muldoon, the Irish-American dynamiter and agitator. Has designs on London. Will arrive at Victoria station on ten-forty train from Dover."

"If that don't wake 'em up in London," he chuckled as he sat in a corner of the compartment, "I'm a chump, that's all."

The train bowled along in the slap-dash, rattlety-bang way that trains have on the L. C. & D., and at last came into the elegant station at Victoria with a rush and a whirl and stopped to let off its passengers.

The guard came up, unlocked the door of Muldoon's compartment and stood aside to let the occupants out.

Two or three porters, expecting tips, hurried up to take the hand baggage and a couple of solemn looking officers began to open their eyes.

"You'll find me thrunks in the van," said Muldoon. "There are six av them marked Muldoon. Give them to a cab driver and let him take thim the Grand Hotel, Chearning Cross."

At this the owlsh looking officers winked to a couple of fellows in plain clothes and then stepped forward.

"Mr. Muldoon?" said one to the famous traveler.

"Yes, sor, that is me name, Terrence Muldoon, the great American traveler."

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Muldoon," said the man raising his voice and winking to two other men.

"Yes, sor. Ye are a reporter from the London Toimes, I presume, or maybe the

Tiligraph? Come up to me hotil this avenin' and I'll give ye all the points—"

"No, sir, I am not a reporter. I am a man from Scotland Yard. You are my prisoner."

At the same moment he and his mate laid their hands on Muldoon's shoulder.

Muldoon was paralyzed with indignation.

"Take yer hands aff!" he cried, striking out vigorously and upsetting the officers. "I am an American citizen, be heavens! and the mon that thries to arrest me does it at his pur'l!"

This fine bit of buncombe could not save our hero.

Six minions of the law jumped on him at once and began dragging him along the platform.

Muldoon objected, and the bobbies pounded him with their billies.

Six to one was even greater odds than Muldoon cared to give.

"Lave go av me, ye vilyans!" he shouted.

It was no go.

Pulling, tugging, clubbing and fighting, the officers hauled him away amid great excitement.

He was as powerless as a kitten in the grasp of a bulldog.

"Hould an! hould an! I'll not be arrested!" he yelled.

But he was arrested for all that, and a more broken up looking specimen of a tourist you never saw.

"Another injustice to old Ireland," laughed Roger, as Muldoon was hustled off. "This is a cold day for the ancient house of Muldoon."

PART XVIII.

MULDOON had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

A little dispatch sent to the London detectives by Roger had resulted in his arrest as a suspect and a conspirator against the British government.

It need not be supposed that Muldoon submitted quietly to arrest, for he did not.

On the contrary he made no end of a fuss, and gave six big coppers all the business they wanted in order to hold him.

They jugged him off, neck and heels, however, dumped him into a back, and while two sat on him, and two more held pistols to his head, the other two drove off.

Roger took charge of his party, and had them and the baggage taken to the hotel at once.

"It'll be all right," he said to his mother. "I'll go and see the American Minister myself, and explain matters. Some mistake has been made, probably, but the Minister will make it all right."

"The minister!" echoed Mrs. Muldoon. "Sure, there's no need of a clergyman. They won't hang yer father, surely?"

"They might," answered Roger mischievously, "seeing that he is an Irishman."

"Don't believe a word he says, Mrs. Muldoon," interposed Kitty. "The American Minister is the representative of our government in England."

"Oh, that's it? Why do they call him a minister if he's not wan?"

"Take a day off, Kitty, and explain it to her," said Roger, laughing. "I must be off at once."

It is not such an easy matter to get at the ear of a foreign minister as one may think, and Roger was obliged to fly around pretty lively and for some time before he could get any sort of attention.

In the meantime Muldoon had been hustled off to jail, and was now in a cell awaiting an examination.

"Phwat am I locked up for?" he demanded of one of his guards as he passed before his cell.

"Not allowed to talk to prisoners. Shut up!" was the surly response.

"Yis, I know I am shut up for a fact, and I want to get out."

"Keep quiet, I tell you."

"Can't ye tell me phwat I'm here for?"

"No."

"Whin will I foind out?"

"Don't know."

"Who does know, can you tell me that?"

"No," gruffer than ever.

"Do ye know anything?"

"No!" growled the man, speaking before he thought.

"I thought not," cried Muldoon. "Ye had no need to tell me that."

Just then another guard came along and said brusquely:

"Look 'ere, me man, you want to shut up

this bloomink noise or you'll be put in adark cell, don't you know. Prisoners are not allowed to talk 'ore."

"Are you the boss av the place?" asked Muldoon.

"Look 'ere, now, you want to shut up, I tell you. Cahn't you keep quiet?"

"I want to know phwat I'm here for. I'm an American citizen, begob, and if this outrage goes anny further there'll be war bechune ould England and the United States."

"Cahn't you keep still, I say? Do you want to be put in the dark 'ole? We'll put you there bloomink sudden if you don't shut h'up."

"Go an, ye muttonhead," laughed Muldoon. "Ye couldn't kill a ftoi wid all yer boasting."

Both guards now went off, and Muldoon was left alone, that being the only way to keep him quiet, for as long as anybody was around he would speak.

After a long delay he was brought out and told that it was all a mistake, that the American Minister had appealed for his release, and that he might go.

"Well, phwat was I put in for, annyhow," he asked.

"You can go, I tell you," said the boss inspector, or whatever else he was called.

"Widout knowing on what charge I was dragged away from me family and incarcerated in a dungeon?" persisted Muldoon.

"You can go, I tell you. The charge has been withdrawn."

"And you won't tell me phwat it was?"

"No! Get out!"

But Muldoon had his Irish up by this time. Go?

He guessed not.

"Be heavens, I won't shtir a peg till I know phwat I was locked up for," he said, indignantly.

The inspector winked at three or four fellows standing near.

The wink was as good as a command.

They grabbed Muldoon by the bosom of his dizzy trousers and also by the slack of his high collar, and gave him the run out.

In two seconds and a half he found himself in the street.

When he had picked himself up, his bouncers had disappeared.

He could see Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square and the houses of Parliament in different directions of course, and so knew where he was.

"Faix, there's no use thrying to get any satisfaction out av an Englishman," he muttered. "They niver know when they are cornered. I wonder if they arrested Roger, too? It's only a shtep to the hotel, and I think I'll go up and see."

He found Roger and the rest of his family at the hotel, and related his adventures.

"The suckers would not tell me why I wor locked up," he sputtered, "but jist foired me out as though I wor a thrap jist after serving tin days an the Island."

"You were taken for a dynamiter, pop," said Roger. "I found that much out, and sent a note to the American minister."

"Sure, he's a foine bye now, ain't he, Terry?" said Mrs. Muldoon, admiringly. "It's not ivery bye that wud think av that."

"No," answered Muldoon, musingly, "but av he would think less av how to get me into throuble and more av how to get me out, it wud be more to his credit."

"Maybe ye think he had ye arrested," cried his wife, in virtuous indignation.

"Av I did, I'd break a plank acrasst his back, so I wud!" said Muldoon, emphatically.

As Muldoon intended to remain for some little time in London, he left the Grand the following day and took a furnished house in St. John's Wood, which Mrs. Muldoon found.

The location was sufficiently high toned, just central enough and not too high priced to suit our party, and they settled down with as much comfort as though they had been at home in New York.

"I mustn't forget the thrip to Ireland," remarked Muldoon, when they had got settled.

"After going nearly around the worruld to get there, it wud be foolish to miss it after all."

"This is good enough for me," returned his wife. "I have no relations in Ireland that I know av, and naither have ye."

"Have ye no desire to revisit the land av yer birth, Bedalia?"

"I have not. London is good enough for me, I tell yez."

"Ye have no patriotism?"

"I have; but phwat's the use av hunting up a lot av people ye don't know and don't care

for, just to have thim sponging on ye and sphending yer money like wather and having no more regard for ye than if ye wor a Turk?"

"I don't know but phwat yer right, Bedalia, and whin we go, we'll go in disguise and say nothing to nobody and just take a luck at the country."

"Sure that'll be foine, Terry, and thin maybe they'll take me for a countess and ye for a juke. Troth, that'll be splendid."

"Take me for a juke, is it? Begob, I'd rather they wouldn't, for thin they'll think I've come to collect me rints, and maybe I'll get a load av buckshot in me back from behind a hedge."

"Then we'll go as just plain Mr. and Mrs. Muldoon."

"Yis, it's plain enough it'll be, as far as ye

He and his friends visited the Oxford, the Metropolitan, the Alhambra, and other places, and finished up the evening with a quiet supper at a French restaurant in Leicester Square, after which Muldoon took the underground railway home, or as near to it as he could go at that time of night.

It might have been the "mild-and-bitter," or it might have been the oysters and chicken salad, but, whatever it was, Muldoon's head and legs were very unsteady when he reached the neighborhood of home.

He wasn't sure whether his head was in his shoes, or his feet were in his hat, or which was wrong and which was right, but he knew that something was out of gear.

It might be his head, it might be his legs, or

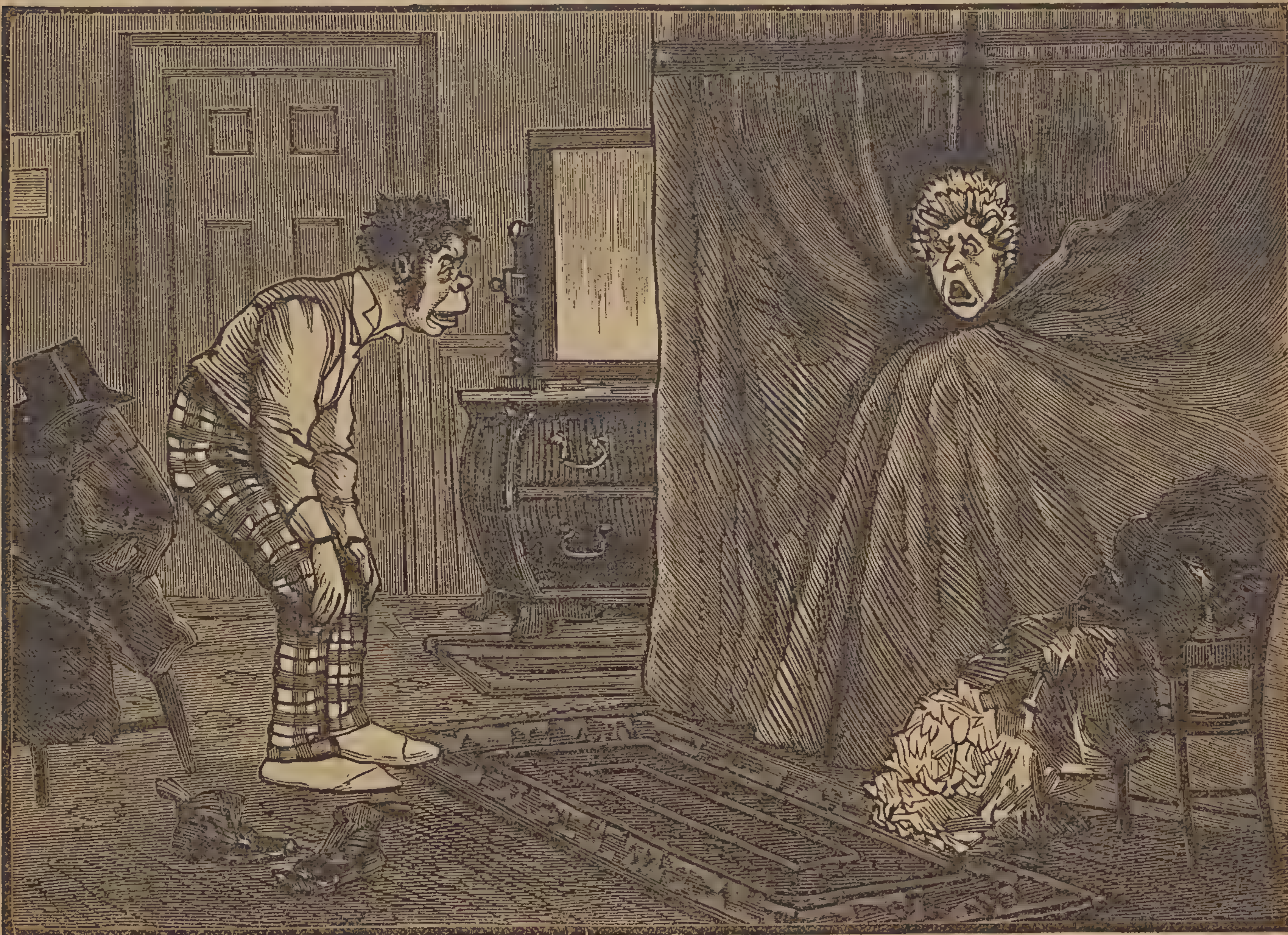
remarked, complacently, "though I know very well I am."

The key fitted the lock, the door opened without difficulty, and Muldoon walked upstairs, there being a dim light at the top of the flight.

"Sure, the shtairs have changed places since I wint up thim lasht," he remarked, "or else me head is turned around intoirely. I had no right to take that last glass av wather. I'm not used to it."

When he got up-stairs the doors seemed to be on the wrong side of the hall, but this he attributed to his head or his feet, or perhaps to his coming in so late.

Walking along the hall till he reached the



"Be heavens, Bedalia, how ye have changed," remarked Muldoon, in great surprise. "Get out, get out, fire, murder, watch, thieves, get out, you horrid man, get out!" yelled the owner of the big night-cap and the green curl papers.

are concerned, me jool," answered Muldoon, wickedly. "Whativer charms ye may have wanst had, it's aisy to see that ye have none now."

"Terry, ye're a brute."

"Yis, me dear," laughed Muldoon, as he went out.

Once comfortably settled in their new quarters the Muldoons got on swimmingly, and set out to enjoy themselves as only they knew how to do.

The London season was over, but that did not bother them, for there was still enough to see and plenty of places to visit without bothering themselves about the nobs, and troubling themselves to think whether the Duchess of Thingumbob or the Countess of Whatshername were keeping open house.

Muldoon had formed a number of acquaintances in London upon his former visit, and he lost no time in hunting them up.

He renewed the old and made many new acquaintances, and it was not long before he was as much at home as he would have been in New York.

One evening he went off with a party of friends on a little racket of his own, leaving Roger to escort the ladies to one of the theaters yet remaining open.

it might be his digestive organs, he was not sure which, though he was positive that it was something.

"I think the glass av wather that I took just as I left the restaurant had a bad effect on me," he observed. "I haven't felt right since."

When he arrived before the house he was confronted with another dilemma, and a puzzling one.

The house, as many in St. John's Wood are, was one of those double affairs, two houses built together and a garden on both sides.

There was only one gate, only one front stoop, but there were two doors, and the question was, which was the proper one.

There was a light in the second story front on the right, and Muldoon decided that that was the correct house.

"Bedalia has left a light for me," he muttered, "so that I won't thry to hang me hat on the gas or put me watch in the wather. It's very thoughtful she is intoirely."

Then he fumbled in his pockets, produced his key, instead of a shoe buttoner or a corkscrew, very fortunately, and gazed at it in great satisfaction.

"Sure, this'll tell me av I'm right or no," he

front of the house, he opened the door and entered his wife's room.

Yes, it was the right place, for there were the chintz canopy to the bed, the striped slips to the chairs, the tucked and puffed covers to the dressing case and a pot of artificial flowers on the mantel.

The bed curtains were drawn together, probably to keep the light from the sleeper's eyes, as the gas was still burning, being at about half headway.

Some female garments were lying, neatly folded, on a chair, and an open novel lay on the floor close to the bed.

"Bedalia has been reading before she retired," remarked Muldoon, as he turned up the light. "It's a high regard for sintimintal novels she has."

Then he put his hat on a corner of the dressing case, kicked off his boots and proceeded to remove his coat.

He had got so far and was wrestling with his collar button when he heard a strange sound from the bed.

It was a shriek, and a shrill shriek at that, a thing that his wife seldom, if ever, indulged in.

"Too many novels have med yez nervous me dear," he observed, without turning

around. "Keep quite, now, and go to sleep."
"Ow! wow-weeee! it's a man!" yelled a voice.

Then Muldoon turned around.

All he could see was a woman's head thrust between the curtains of the bed which were clutched together to keep from spreading.

The head was old and thin and wrinkled, was surrounded by the gigantic frills of a big night cap, and was further ornamented by a double row of green curl papers.

"Be heavens, Bedalia, how ye have changed," remarked Muldoon, in great surprise.

"Get out, get out, fire, murder, watch, thieves, get out, you horrid man, get out!" yelled the owner of the big night-cap and the green curl papers.

She was a dandy at yelling, and talked at lightning speed, rattling away at the rate of five hundred words to the minute.

When she wasn't talking she was yelling, and then again she did both, and with a degree of lung power that was simply terrific.

She clutched those curtains with a terrible grip, and only her head and face were visible, though they were enough to stop a clock.

"Hould yer whisht, Bedalia," yelled Muldoon, when this sort of thing had been going on for about two minutes. "Sure, it's me, Terry, yer husband."

"Oh!" yelled the woman behind the curtain, "I never had a husband, I never would have, I wouldn't look at the best man in the world, they're all a set of nasty beasts, get out of my room, get out of the house, don't you dare to touch a thing in it, help, murder, policefirewatchmurderhelp!"

The last few words were all run together and ended, and were combined with a shriek that made Muldoon's hair stand on end.

Then for the first time he comprehended the situation.

He had got into the wrong house.

The lady with the flamboyant nightcap, green curl papers and vigorous voice was not his wife, but some one else.

"Oh, you horrid nasty man! How dare you say you're my husband? Get out, get out, get out! Wow-ow-ow—wee-ee-ee!"

"Begob, I wouldn't wish anny man such bad luck as to have ye for a woiife," retorted Muldoon. "Take a rest on that screaming, ye ugly crow, or I'll trow ye out av the windy."

The lady continued to scream, however, and Muldoon could hear windows being shoved up, doors opening, footsteps in the street, the rapping of policemen's clubs, whistles, startled voices and all sorts of other noises.

"Begorrah, it wor the house on the left that I wanted, and not the wan on the right at all," he gasped.

Then he grabbed his hat, his shoes, and his coat, and made a break, the lady in green curl papers shrieking after him as he dusted.

"Begob, I would have thought it wor the same house," he muttered. "The curtains are the same and so is iverything. Faix, I niver wor so puzzled in all me loife."

Then he dashed along the hall and fell rather than walked down the stairs, the noises around him increasing every instant.

The fairy up-stairs had now opened the window and was yelling bloody murder in fourteen different keys.

All the dogs in the neighborhood had been awakened and were voicing their disapprobation in all sorts of canine language, from a yelp or a snarl to a bay or a growl.

Other windows were thrown open, and the neighbors were asking one another what in time all that noise was about, and where were the police, and was this Seven Dials or St. John's Wood, and didn't anybody have any consideration for anybody else, and a hundred other inquiries.

Dark-lanterns flashed, footsteps were heard, and what with the screeching and the barking, the talking back and all the other noises, it seemed as if all pandemonium had broken loose.

Muldoon, the unhappy cause of the whole business, escaped from the house occupied by the lady of the night-cap just in time to escape being chewed up by a big bulldog which one of the servants had let loose at him.

He banged the door in the brute's face, skipped across the stoop, opened his own door in a jiffy and dashed up-stairs.

He slipped down half a flight when he reached the top and had to do it over again, but that was no matter since he was safe.

"Begob, I know I'm right now," he gasped. "I could niver fall up a shtrange stairway loike that."

"Is that ye, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon

from the floor above. "Phwat's all the n'ise about, anyhow?"

"Ah, there, pop, where's the fire?" asked Roger, sticking his head out of a rear door.

"Go an, ye monkey, or ye'll get foired," muttered Muldoon, as he picked himself up, reascended and went to his own room.

"What wor all the n'ise about, Terry?" asked his wife, as he came in. "Why have ye yer coat off? Sure, ye're in yer stocking feet, too. Phwat's come over ye intoirely?"

Muldoon looked all around the room, took a seat and said:

"Do ye know that they have the same bed curtains, the same slips and the same toilet table fixtures in the nixt house as we have here?"

"I do, and why wouldn't they, since the wan lady owns both houses and furnishes them? She gets things cheaper be buying a larger quantity."

"Does she get a discount on locks and kays be buying the same kind for both houses?"

"Why do ye ax, and phwat are ye looking for?"

Muldoon was hunting all over for something, and that was why his wife spoke.

"I'm luckin' for me other shoe."

"It's in yer hand."

"Not that wan, it's the other I want."

"Phwat's that in yer hat?"

"Faix, it's the shoe I wor lucking for, but I don't know for the life av me how it got in me hat."

"Maybe ye wor thryin' to shtand on yer head."

"Perhaps, but Bedalia?"

"Yis?"

"Maybe it'll be as well not to have the same kay to fit both houses. I got into the wrong one to-night, and encountered an ould fairy in a big nightcap and green curl-papers that mad the jaw av me ache to luk at. It wor she that raised the ruction."

"Is that so?"

"Yis, and I think it'll be wise to have a new kay."

"Faix, I think it would be wiser not to let you have a kay at all, Terry, or to sind a nurse out wid ye when ye're lather than tin," remarked Mrs. Muldoon.

PART XIX.

IT was some time before Muldoon heard the last of his adventure with the lady in green curl papers.

The lady herself confided to Mrs. Muldoon, the next day, that the worst-looking man she had ever seen had broken into her house the night before.

She had never seen such a hideous object, she said, though all men were bad enough, but he was a terror on runners, and ugly enough to stop a clock.

That was too much for Mrs. Muldoon.

She might abuse her husband herself, but nobody else could.

"It's very singular that ye and me husband have the same idees, Miss Warburton," she said icily. "It wor he that got into yer house be mistake, and he confided to me afterwards that he niver saw such an ugly-looking woman in all his experience. His own words wor that she wor homely enough to stop a clock. It appears to me to be a remarkable coincidence that ye both used the same expression."

There was a coldness between the two women after that.

Miss Warburton would not turn the Muldoons out, for they were good tenants, but there was no further intimacy between the two families.

Miss Warburton always kept the chain on her door after that, and showed no light in her windows.

Mrs. Muldoon put a lamp with a green shade over it in the window when Muldoon was out late, and there were no more mistakes made.

For all that, Muldoon heard a good deal about the lady in green curl papers, getting into the wrong house, putting one's shoes into his hat, and more to the same purpose.

Roger made some of these remarks, his friends had something to say about it, and Mrs. Muldoon also seemed to like to awaken fond recollections by alluding to that eventful night.

It finally became very tiresome to Muldoon to be constantly reminded of that little escapade.

At last, however, the boys let up on him, but only because he gave them something else to talk about.

And the way it came around was thusly: "Bedalia, me jool," said Muldoon one day, "how wud yez like to go for a roide in Hyde Park, like the rest av the nob's?"

"Faix, I think it would be delightful, Terry," replied the lady. "Ye and me and Roger and Kitty. We'd look fine in the wan carriage."

"It wor not carriage-riding that I meant, me dear," said Muldoon.

"How thin? Ye can't dhrive widout a carriage. Do ye intind to take a wheelbarrow?"

"Take a reef in yer sarcasm, me lady, and listen to me. I said we wud go to roide, not dhrive."

"Well, and what's the differ?"

"The differ is this, that in wan ye go be-hoind the horse, and in the other ye go an the horse's back. Can yez comprehend that, me lady?"

"Is it me ride a horse, Terry?"

"Why not?"

"Faith, I haven't done it in years."

"That's nothing. Ye know how to ride, do ye not?"

"Deed and I do."

"Very well, if ye once know how ye'll niver forget it. Now I think that we wud cut as fine a figger in the park as any wan, and it's a duty we owe to ourselves as well as the public to show off all our accomplishments."

"And will yez take Roger and Kitty along, too?"

"They may come if they loike, but remember, Mrs. Muldoon, that Miss Kitty is engaged to that young painter over in Ameriky, and I'll have no flirtations going on behind the poor feller's back."

"Sure ye know there's none, Terry."

"Nor do I want there should be, do ye moind?"

"Yis."

"Well, phwat about the ride? Will yez go wid me an Rotten Row this afternoon among the quality?"

"I will, faix."

"All right, thin, I'll ordher the horses to be here at half-past three. We don't want to be there before four, for that's whin all the nob's goes."

"Very well, Terry, darlin', I'll be ready be that toime."

Muldoon went to a livery stable not far from where he lived to engage suitable horses for himself and wife.

He was not certain as to what was the proper thing, and so he concluded to ask the proprietor of the stable.

He was afraid that if he asked his son's advice that roguish young rascal would put up a job on him.

He was right enough there, for that is just what Roger would have done.

He felt safe enough with the stable man, however.

That was where he was in error.

The boss of the stable was nearly as great a wag as young Muldoon himself.

"What sort av harses wud be the proper thing for meself and wife to roide in the park," he asked. "We want to do the proper thing and not make guys av ourselves."

"Wife the same height as yourself?"

"Well, yis, about, but she has more rotundity av forrum than meself. In fact, ye might almost say she's fat."

"It's the style to be plump, you know," said the stableman confidentially.

"Faix, thin me wife is in the swim, for she could go as a porpoise to any fancy ball, and iverybody wud know her."

"You want to do as the stylish ones do, I suppose?"

"Yis. I want something suitable for an American citizen and his woiife. I'm naturalized, to be sure, but all the same I'm a citizen, and I don't want to do anything that would cast discredit on me adopted counthry."

"Certainly not," replied the other. "There are a great many Americans in London, and they set the fashion in a good many things."

"Sure, they're an example to the whole worruld, ye moight say," remarked Muldoon very grandly.

His listener acquiesced to the statement.

Then he proceeded to work his little racket on Muldoon.

"The style most in vogue just at present," he said, "is for the gentleman to ride a rather small horse, while the lady has a large one. You must avoid anything like a match in such things."

"I see," said Muldoon, taking everything for granted.

"At what hour would you want the horses sent?"

"About half-past three, so that we can get a good place in the loine be the time the other nob's arrive."

"I will have the horses sent around, and you can rely upon it that they will be just the very best and all the style. What name, please?"

"Muldoon," and our hero gave his address and paid for the nags in advance, so as to be sure of them.

At the appointed hour the horses arrived.

Muldoon looked at them with some little distrust, but concluded that this was only on account of his ignorance.

"It may be the stoyle," he remarked, "but

"I could niver do it in the worruld, Terry," she gasped.

"Yez must, thin, for that's all the stoyle."

"Well, but how am I iver to get up on his back? Sure, he's as big as the iliphant that they sint us at Calcutta."

"Ye might fly up, or jump out av the second story windy and light on his back."

"Ah, don't be making fun, Terry. Sure, I niver can ride the beast in me life. The little wan was meant for me, I know."

"It wor not, and it's truth I'm tellin' ye. It's all the stoyle to ride mismatched horses, and the lady must always have the biggest, av coorse."

"Well, thin, somebody will have to lift me

gave a languid glance at the queer couple, while the Arabs on the outskirts of the crowd just howled with joy.

Broad grins, audible smiles, and regular guffaws greeted the Muldoons as they rode on and our hero was conscious of having created an immense sensation.

"They're all onto the stoyle av us, Bedalia," he remarked audibly when they had gone half way down the row.

"Oh, Terry, I niver can shtay an this big beast," said Mrs. Muldoon, in a startled whisper. "I know I shall fall off anny minnute."

"Kape yer seat, Bedalia. Hould an at anny ixpinse. It'll never do to have anything happen to yez now, whin the eyes av all the aris-



"They're all onto the stoyle av us, Bedalia," he remarked audibly when they had gone half way down the row.

"Oh, Terry, I niver can shtay an this big beast," said Mrs. Muldoon, in a startled whisper.

"I know I shall fall off anny minnute."

av it is it's loike a good manny other things; being in the fashion may make thim sought afther, but it'll niver make thim beautiful."

The horses that the livery man had sent were daisies.

The one intended for Muldoon was a dapper little fellow, hardly more than a pony, with thin legs, waspish body, and a tail like a used-up scrubbing brush.

Mrs. Muldoon's steed was a corker from Cork.

He stood fully seventeen hands, to begin with.

His legs were like beans, he had feet as big as butter tubs, his tail nearly swept the ground, and he had one bad eye and one good one.

It needed a step-ladder to mount him, and a steady head to keep one's seat after being mounted.

The two brutes together strongly reminded one of David and Goliath, or of Tom Thumb and the giant, for one was as big as the other was small.

"Is the little wan for me, Terry?" asked Mrs. Muldoon, when she saw the beasts.

"It is not, it is for me, and ye are to roide the big feller."

an the cra'ther's back, thin, for I can niver get there mesilf."

However, by the assistance of a horse block, the boy from the stable, a couple of chairs and Muldoon himself the lady was finally in the saddle and all secure.

She was dressed in the latest style, of course, with a long habit, a high silk hat and patent-leather boots, and carried a silver-mounted riding-whip.

Muldoon straddled his cob, and the two went off at a canter.

When they entered the park and joined the procession of horses, carriages and all sorts of rigs that made up the life of Rotten Row, they created a sensation.

Muldoon, in his loud costume, upon that toy nag, and his wife, towering away above him on her big giant of a nag, was a sight to make the bronze statues laugh.

"Begob, I'm thinking that we par'lyze thim all," whispered Muldoon, as he gazed about him.

He certainly attracted more attention than anybody else within ten miles.

The dudes stationed along the drive on the other side of the railings smiled and put up their glasses, the swell ladies sitting back in their carriages, showing off their gay toilets,

toeracy av London are upon ye. Brace up, ma lady."

"But I know I'll fall, Terry. Why didn't yez let me roide the wan ye have?"

"Begob, there's no danger av me fallin'," muttered Muldoon. "I can almost reach the ground wid me feet as it is."

Of course two such queer riders attracted plenty of notice.

The top of Muldoon's high hat came below the level of his wife's shoulder, and every attempt at conversation on her part only made her position the more unstable.

They had gone down the road once and were returning on the other side, when Mrs. Muldoon gave a scream.

"Oh, Terry, I'm slipping, I know I am. Shtop the horse, shtop him."

Muldoon seized the big brute's bridle and stopped him, but not soon enough to prevent the catastrophe that Mrs. Muldoon had foreseen.

The saddle girth slipped, or became unbuckled, or maybe it was simply the natural fright at being perched so high in the air, and in an instant poor Mrs. Muldoon was unhorsed.

She stood in the road, looking the picture of

distress, while Muldoon looked on in helpless despair.

However much the nobs might have been amused at the singular appearance of the Muldoons, there was not one of them who were not ready to assist a lady in distress.

"I'll ride the big brute meself," said Muldoon, "and do ye git upon the little wan."

"Yis; but, Terry," and Mrs. Muldoon's voice dropped, "I can't roide him wid that koinde av a saddle."

"Indeed ye can't," and Muldoon laughed. "We'll have to change it for ye, for I'll not let ye roide that big brute, stoyle or no stoyle."

Several gentlemen now came forward to assist Muldoon, and among the number our hero recognized a certain Lord Fitz Norris, a young nobleman whose acquaintance he had made a few days previous.

Fitz Norris was a bit of a calf, having considerable more money than ability to earn it, but he was no cad, and would help any one who needed his assistance.

"Aw, that you, Muldoon?" he remarked, carelessly. "Chawmed to meet you. In trouble, eh? What appeals to be the mattah?"

"This is me wife, Lord Fitz Norris, Mrs. Muldoon, Fitz Norris, a peer av the rellum. Me woife's harse is unmanageable, and we wor going to change saddles."

"No occasion for that, Muldoon, not the least. Just step aside a moment. My mother is here in her carriage, and she will take Mrs. Muldoon in. Aw, theah she is now!"

"Bedalia riding be the side av the mother av a real lord!" gasped Muldoon. "Begorrah, I may become a juke meself some day. Me Lord Muldoon! Faix, it has a foine sound!"

Mrs. Muldoon took several turns around the park in the Dowager Lady Fitz Norris' carriage, Muldoon riding alongside, Fitz Norris himself being just behind.

The overgrown nag was given to a boy to hold, and afterward sent back to the stable, Mrs. Muldoon being taken home in the carriage of Lady Fitz Norris.

"I'm a thousand toimes obliged to ye, Fitz Norris, and to ye also, me lady," said Muldoon at parting. "Ye have rendhered me a sarvice that naither me nor Mrs. Muldoon will iver forget."

"Pray don't mention it, me deah fellah," said Fitz Norris languidly. "The pleasah is mutual. Pleased to have met you, Lady Muldoon, and I trust we may meet often."

"Oh, Terry, did yez hear phwat the young gentleman called me?" cried Mrs. Muldoon delightedly when the swells had departed and they had entered the house. "He called me Lady Muldoon."

"Well, ye are a lady, are ye not?"

"Av coorse I am, but I haven't a title, yez knows, Terry."

"Be heavens, ye have as much title to be called a lady as anny wan in the land, Bedalia, and if anny wan says ye haven't I'll slug him! Ye're me woife, and that's enough."

"Oh, but he must have h'ard ye callin' me 'me lady,' Terry, as ye often do, and that's why he thought I wor somebody—maybe a duchess or something big."

"Ye're big enough as it is, and ye don't want to go getting anny foolish ideas in yer head," muttered Muldoon. "Ye're the wife of an Irish-American gentleman and natheralized citizen, and that's title enough for anny wan."

When Roger heard of his father's adventure in Hyde Park he laughed and remarked to his mother's companion:

"There, Miss Kitty, you see there are others beside me who like to play roots on dad. How he must have looked."

"Are you sure that you did not have anything to do with it, you bad boy?" asked Kitty, smiling.

"Dead sure. You don't think I'd play jokes on ma, do you? Pop is different, but I never rig the other head of the house."

"You'd better not," laughed Kitty, "or you might get her slipper."

"No, I'm too old for that, and then it's always best to keep solid with your mother. I can work the old gent for extra expenses so much better when I do, you know."

"Well, I shall tell your father to cut off your allowance if you play any more tricks on him," said Kitty, giving Roger a box on the ear.

"No use," laughed the young fellow, "for I carry the bank book and can raise my own salary whenever I please."

A night or two after this Roger asked his father to go out on the river with him for a row.

There was no job on hand, however, Roger's proposal being innocent enough, as he simply

wanted to have some fun and a little exercise.

"The lights on the embankment will be going, dad," he remarked, "and we can see how the city looks from the river."

"I wouldn't mind taking a spin, me bye," said Muldoon, and jumping into an underground train they rode to Charing Cross and then walked to Waterloo bridge where they found boats to hire.

The boatmen offered to take them anywhere and everywhere, for a consideration, but Roger concluded that he would rather row himself.

"I tell you what we will do, pop," he said. "We will both take a boat and I'll row you a race along shore."

"I'm wid yez," cried Muldoon. "A pound to a pinny that I beat ye be a length before we get to the next bridge."

"I'll go you, dad."

Then Roger and Muldoon picked out a couple of light skiffs, took their seats and started.

Muldoon won the race, and then Roger proposed that they row over to the Surrey side of the river and see what was going on there.

The two boats kept nearly alongside, neither Roger nor Muldoon caring to over-exert themselves.

The lights on the embankment shone on the waters, and were reflected from a hundred points, the great illuminated clock in the House of Lords looked down upon them with its big round face, and from the city itself a myriad lights flashed forth in the darkness.

Suddenly they heard a shrill whistle from the further side of Waterloo bridge.

One of those spiteful little steam launches, patronized by penny excursionists, was coming.

"Look out, pop," cried Roger, putting on a spurt. "There's a steamer coming."

"Sure I'm not afeard av that," laughed Muldoon. "She can't come under the bridge with that big smokestack."

Couldn't she, though?

Muldoon rested on his oars in mid-stream, so as to get a good view down the river and under the bridge.

In a jiffy, as the steamer reached the bridge, her smoke-stack tilted over, nearly to the deck so as to clear the bridge, and on she went with unabated speed.

In less than a minute she had passed under, raised her stack again and heading up stream at a gallop, tooting like mad.

Muldoon was so astonished at this feat, which is of common occurrence on the Thames, that he forgot all about the danger he was in.

The scream of the steam whistle recalled him to his senses.

He grabbed his oars and pulled for dear life.

Too late.

The swell from the screw caught his frail craft, his oar became suddenly cramped, and in a twinkling he was overboard in the muddy waters of the Thames.

PART XX.

MAN overboard! Help me out or I'll be strangled!"

This was what Muldoon said when he suddenly found himself floundering in the dirty water of the Thames.

He might well say that he would be strangled if he wasn't helped out.

The Thames is the dirtiest river in the world, particularly so in the vicinity of London, and to swallow its filthy water is worse than taking an emetic.

"Save me, Roger, me bye, or I'll be dhrowned before yer eyes, and yer mother will be a widdy."

"What's the matter with swimming, pop?" asked Roger.

"Faix, I niver thought av that," muttered Muldoon, as he struck out for the boat.

Roger succeeded in capturing the other boat before it had drifted far, and Muldoon climbed into it, though how he managed to get in without upsetting it is a mystery.

"Let's go down the river, dad," suggested Roger.

"Faix, I've had all av the river I want," muttered Muldoon. "I feel as if I'd been in the sewer. If I've got to fall into the river often, I'll look out for cleaner wather next time, begob."

"Do you intend to make a steady thing of it, dad?"

"Deed I don't, but it's just as well to be prepared, I suppose, and the next time I

go out sailing I'll ascertain if the wather is clean beforehand."

Roger laughed, and then he and his father rowed back to the embankment and landed.

"Faix, I can niver walk home wid these wet clothes," remarked Muldoon.

"You can't go very well without them, pop," answered the young joker. "You'd be liable to arrest."

"Begob, I did not mean to say that it wor me intintion to go widout anny," said Muldoon in disgust. "It's the wetness I object to."

"You'd have to pay a water tax on 'em, pop, they're so full of it."

"A land tax, ye mean, faix, for there's more mud than wather on me, I'm thinking."

"Get into a cab, pop."

"And ruin the cushions? Sure, no cabman wud take me unless I paid for his conveyance."

"Well, you might settle the trouble by riding on the engine of one of the underground trains, dad. Then you'd get dry."

"Faix, it's dhry enough I am. Now that ye minton it, though, the dhryness is an the insoide."

"Run in and get two-pence worth of something hot. I won't look, and if ma asks me if you've been drinking, I can tell her I didn't see you."

"Go on now, ye young deceiver. Do yez think yer mother asks an account av me comings and goings ivery toime I go out? She has more confidence in me, ye young sparrow."

"Well, don't say I wasn't ready to stick up for you, father," answered Roger, with a chuckle. "What do you say to walking?"

"I'm not that fond av pedestrian exercise, me bye. I think I'll hail wan av thim thriplinny busses and ride on the seat wid the dhriver. Ye can go insoide."

This was satisfactory enough, and in another half hour they were at home, when Muldoon made haste to get out of his wet garments.

"If ye're going to make it a practice to fall into the sewer, Terry," said his wife reproachfully, "ye'd betther have a clean suit handy and leave yer others behind. Sure, no one would care to wash thim things."

"It wor the river I fell into, me Irish diamond," said Muldoon with a grin, "though I can't blame ye for denominating it a sewer. Sure, the shstreets av New York, six months after an election, bear no comparison wid it in p'int av filthiness."

"And how come ye to get into the river? It's not a champion swimmer ye are?"

"It is not. It wor me own fault, settin' meself up for knowing more than Roger."

"I always tould ye he wor a bright bye," replied Mrs. Muldoon admiringly. "It's little he don't know, faith."

"I believe ye, me lady. Faix, I wish he didn't know so much sometoimes. I think that mebbly av he wasn't so cute I wouldn't be cot be snaps as often as I am."

"Sure, if ye must be a natheral born idjit and allow yerself to be taken in so often, it's no fault av the bye's," retorted his wife with considerable asperity, and Muldoon thought it wise not to pursue the subject any further.

The next day Muldoon was off by himself, when, happening to pass the building devoted to the exhibition of the celebrated Mme. Tussaud's wax-works, he concluded to take them in.

"I wondher if they're anything like the wansan the Bowery in New York?" he mused. "I guess not, for you do hear av thim all over the worruld. A quarter isn't much, and it'll give me a chance to rist afther thrampin' around so much."

So he paid his shilling entrance fee, and afterward squandered sixpence on a catalogue, which the attendant said would explain everything, and without which he would be helpless.

"The English are getting civilized in some things, though they are still behind us in many," he observed, wisely. "They say it is only a shilling to go in, but it's a good deal more to get out, begob!"

"They use candles for gas, and can't give ye a dacint shave, and they have girrul bartinders, but whin it comes to coaxing money out of yez, they're aqual to anny man in the worruld."

The first thing that struck his eye on entering the main hall was a policeman done in wax, but so natural looking as to deceive even him.

"A cop is the only wan in London, or England aither," he remarked, "who is willing to give ye any information widout expecting to

be ped for it. I'll ax him which is the best thing to luck at."

Up he walks to the dummy Bobby, and says politely:

"Can yez tell me phwat's most worth luck-in' at in the place?"

The officer stood immovable, as do most of the London police when on post, and never said a word.

Muldoon repeated his question in a louder tone, and thus attracted the attention of the bystanders.

A laugh aroused him, and then he saw from the stony stare of the copper that he was but an imitation affair and not the genuine article.

"Sucked in again, begorrah," he muttered,

when Muldoon sat down, but just now along came a pudgy little Englishman with his wife and family whom he was giving a treat.

"What a brutal-looking wretch!" cried the lady, pausing in front of Muldoon.

"Ain't he horrid!" exclaimed the eldest daughter. "I know he must have done something awful."

"Regular brute, don't ye know," added the heir of the family. "What a hangdog look, but how natural, don't ye know."

"I'm sure he murdered his wife and children," said the youngest girl. "He looks it. Ugh! What a depraved expression! I know I shall dream of that frightful face."

Muldoon suddenly became aware that the family was talking about him.

have. "This is only a take-in, you know. This fellow is employed by the company to deceive people, and he is paid by the week, one pound four shillings—"

"If you say sevenpence," cried Muldoon, "I'll raise the ante av the victims up to an aven dozen. Spake in round numbers, me man, and don't go fooling wid the odd pennies."

Then Muldoon left, not caring to be taken for wax by any one else, and resolving to say nothing about this little adventure, seeing that it reflected no great amount of credit upon him.

One evening, shortly after this, Muldoon came home to dinner, and surprised his wife by saying:



"Get out of the way!" yelled the crowd. "Be heavens, I'll not move!" cried Muldoon, firmly. "It's an American citizen I am, and I'll not flinch before the armies av all the worruld." At this moment the advancing column was almost upon him.

as he walked away. "It must be a foine wax work that'll deceive the eyes av Terrence Muldoon."

Then he walked around the room, taking in the royal family, the rulers of the world and all the o'her big guns, coming at last to the chamber of horrors, where he had to pay another sixpence.

There wasn't anything horrible about the place, as he naturally expected from the name, there being simply a collection of noted murderers, male and female, posing in rows around the room.

"Sure, there's nothing in here to alarm ye," he mused. "I thought me hair would be shtanding an ind in a minyute, but ther part isn't disturbed aven."

Seeing an empty chair and feeling tired, he sat down, took off his hat, placed it on the floor and gazed absently at his feet.

Now this chair had formerly been occupied by one of the figures which had been taken to the repair shop to be touched up, leaving its place vacant.

Back of Muldoon, and a little above his head, was the number which had reference to the figure in the catalogue, but of this he was unaware.

The place happened to be nearly deserted

He was too much astonished to say anything, and just then the pudgy man, turning over the leaves of his catalogue, said:

"Number two hundred and six: Michael MacFadden, of Killyboggin, noted criminal; dispatched an entire family of eleven persons for the sake of the paltry sum of two pounds, three shillings and sevenpence. The monster!"

"What an ugly brute!"

"He looks as if he'd like to kill some one now."

"Be heavens, ye're right," cried Muldoon, jumping up and squaring off. "Come an, ye little dumpling, and the bye, too. I'll lick the both av yez wid wan hand."

"Oh, dear!" shrieked the ladies. "He's alive!"

"Yis, I am, and very much so," replied Muldoon, angrily. "Do yez think I'm sitting here to be insulted? Come an till I par'lyze ye, me bantam."

"Oh, sir, it was all a mistake," cried the wife, rushing between Muldoon and her husband. "We really did not know you were alive. We wouldn't insult you for all the world."

"Don't mind him, my dear," said the little man, in the officious way which all little men

"Bedalia, me darlin', it's dying for want av gaity ye are. Phwat do ye suppose I'm going to treat ye to?"

"Sure I don't know, Terry. I think I enjoy meself pretty well."

"Yis, but this is ould fashioned sport."

"Is it a fair, Terry?" cried the lady, delightedly.

"No, but a review and a sham flight out at Hampton Court to-morrow. Fitz Norris will be there and give us a seat on his coach. He can't take us, but we'll go be an early thrain, and soon foind him."

"Sure, that'll be deloightful. Is Roger going?"

"Yis, I suppose so," said Muldoon, with a sigh. "If I lave him behind he'll be in mischief, and if I take him wid us he'll be doing the same, but then I'll have me eye on him."

"Yis, ye will," laughed Mrs. Muldoon. "If ye thried to watch him, ye'd be cross eyed in tin minyutes."

Of course Muldoon had no intention of leaving Roger out, but he liked to tease his wife now and then, though he did not always get the best of it.

Well, the next morning dawned bright and beautiful, even in the smoky city, and the

Muldoons took an early start, so as not to miss any of the festivities.

Fitz Norris was already on the ground when they reached the rendezvous, and Mrs. Muldoon and Roger were given places on the coach.

The different companies of military were beginning to form here and there, and the bright uniforms, glittering brass and steel, the flash of gold lace, and the intermingling of colors made a most picturesque scene.

"Begob, av the Irish brigade wor here there'd be nothing lacking," remarked Muldoon, with pardonable pride.

Presently another coach drove up, and Mrs. Muldoon recognized several lady friends of hers, and an animated conversation at once sprang up.

"Sure, I think I see Dinny Fitzpatrick and his byes over there," cried Muldoon in a moment. "I know him be the size av his hat. Excuse me a minyute, while I run over and have a bit av a discoorse wid him."

Mrs. Muldoon and the ladies were deep in the discussion of new bonnets, lace flounces and other feminine affairs, and hardly heard Muldoon's excuses.

Roger had started an acquaintance with Reggy Fitz Norris, a young brother of his lordship, a smart boy of his own age, and he, of course, had no objection to his father's going wherever he pleased.

Denny Fitzpatrick and his three big sons, bigger than their father, in fact, were friends whom Muldoon had lately picked up, and he considered it incumbent upon him to do the honors, introduce them to his swell acquaintances and show them around generally.

Fitzpatrick was a dapper little man of not much more than five feet in height, who wore a very tall silk hat in order to make him more conspicuous.

He had married a regular giantess of a woman and her sons took after her, towering several inches over their father, although they had not yet acquired their full stature.

"There's wan thing I don't like, Muldoon," the little man had confided to his friend, in the first hour of their acquaintance.

"Phwat's that, Dinny?" asked Muldoon, becoming interested. "Is it the difference in soize bechune ye and Mrs. Fitz?"

"No, it's not that, nor is it bekase me boys are all bigger nor me, me frind."

"Well, thin, phwat is it?"

"Why, it's having me wolfe cut down the boys' cast-off garments to make thim fit me. That's where I dhrav the loine."

"Sure, I'd not stand it at all," cried Muldoon, though he was aching to laugh at the little man's intense earnestness.

Having caught sight of the Fitzpatricks, Muldoon now hurried over to where they were standing on a little knoll overlooking the field, and exchanged greetings.

"How are ye, Dinny? How are ye, byes? Ye're all luckin' foine the day. It's an unexpected pleasure to see yez, 'deed it is. How is yer lady wolfe?"

"Foine, Terrence, foine. We left her in the carriage to luck about us a bit. When did ye come? Did ye bring Mrs. Muldoon? Juliet wud like very much to see her, I know."

Juliet was Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but she was anything besides the willowy creature that Shakespeare's lovely heroine is generally considered.

"She's over wid the Fitz Norris party: great swells they are entiorely, Dinny—mimbers av parliamint and all that. I'll inthrouce ye later an."

"A mimber av parliamint is no betther than anny wan else," retorted Fitzpatrick, bridling.

"Sure, I'm descended from the kings av Ireland, but I don't brag about it."

"Well, I'll inthrouce yez at anny rate," answered Muldoon placidly. "But, I say, we're missing all the fun. The review is going an right before our eyes. It's an iligant place ye have chosen to see it from."

"Yis, I have it on account av me size. Maybe we'd betther go back to the carriage."

"Stay where ye are, father," said one of the young giants, and the father stayed.

The different companies were beginning to march across the plain, the sound of fife and drum and the inspiring strains of military bands adding to the excitement.

They marched and countermarched, formed in squares, spread out in great lines, separated into squadrons, marched in the form of crosses, triangles and crescents, and performed all sorts of evolutions, greatly to the delight of Muldoon and his friends.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded, and all the

foot soldiers dashed off to a remote part of the field where a square was formed.

This marched out from the rest, and then a body of cavalry was seen dashing forward as if for an attack.

"Luck at the foine harses they have," cried Muldoon. "Be heavens, it's a sojer I ought to be meself. I have all the enthusiasm av a warrior in me."

"It's a foine soight," muttered Fitzpatrick, "and an iligant view we have of it, too."

Suddenly, however, confused cries were heard, coming from people at other parts of the field, and from the troopers themselves.

"Hi-hi! get out of the way there!"

"Clear the track. You fat-headed duffers, get out of the road!"

"Hi-hi! do you want to be run down?"

Suddenly Fitzpatrick uttered a cry of dismay.

"Troth, Terrence, I think it's this way they're coming."

Muldoon shot a rapid glance at the troopers.

There was no doubt of it. The line was bearing down upon them, and was scarcely three hundred feet off.

Right and left it extended for a considerable distance and there was no escape.

"Get out of the way!" yelled the crowd.

Impossible!

There was no more chance of escaping now than there was of stopping the tide from rising.

"Be heavens, I'll not move!" cried Muldoon firmly. "It's an American citizen I am, and I'll not flinch before the armies av all the worruld."

At this moment the advancing column was almost upon him.

PART XXI.

THE advancing columns of cavalry rapidly approached, the hoofs of the gallant steeds thundering over the ground.

Muldoon and the Fitzpatricks were directly in the course of the galloping troopers.

They had been yelled at but it was now too late to get out of the way.

On came the soldiers, and it looked as if Muldoon and his friends would be trampled under foot. Muldoon was defiant, but little Danny Fitzpatrick and his three strapping sons were frightened out of their wits.

"Oho, Terry, it's killed we are."

"Rise father, rise, for the love av heaven!" cried the boys.

On came the horsemen, when, just as they reached the little group, some hurried orders were heard, the troops divided, the bugles tooted, and the men rode by on either side, closing up again after they had passed.

But as they were going by those funny soldiers made it interesting for Muldoon and his crowd.

They hit them with the flat side of their swords; they knocked their hats over their eyes; they gave them sundry kicks and buffets, and they yelled like so many demons.

When the troop had passed, Muldoon and the Fitzpatricks sat on the ground looking the very picture of distress.

All that could be seen of the soldiers was a cloud of dust with here and there the glitter of a helmet or the flash of a red coat.

The brim of Muldoon's high hat hung around his neck like a wreath, but where the top was no one knew.

Fitzpatrick had lost his hat altogether, and the boys had but one between them.

A more broken up lot of spectators it would have been hard to find.

"Has the eruption subsided?" asked Muldoon. "Begorra, if this is only a sham battle, I don't want to be inthrouced to the genuine article in a hurry."

"Oh, Muldoon, phwy did ye bring me here?" cried Fitzpatrick. "It's killed I am."

"Rise up, Dinny, rise up, and shake yourself together. Overbeyant is a booth where they do be selling real Bass's ale for two pence the pint. I think I could dhrink a gallon."

The words had the effect of magic.

Denny was himself again in two shakes, and he and Muldoon made their way to the booth, and were soon toning up on the amber fluid so dear to the English heart.

Muldoon threatened to keep his promise of drinking a gallon by the looks of things, for one pint pot was no sooner emptied than he called for another.

It did not end in Muldoon's finishing his gallon, but it did result in his caring nothing

for the review, or anything connected therewith.

He left Fitzpatrick in the booth and started off across the fields with no particular end in view, except perhaps to get into some shady corner and take a nap.

He crossed a field, climbed over a low stone wall and entered a shady park, where he soon found a shaded spot under a big tree where the grass was soft and velvety and just meant for repose.

"Be heavens, this is the foineest place I've struck yet," he mused, as he braced his back against a tree, lighted a cigar and puffed away contentedly.

In his enjoyment he forgot that he had no hat and that his clothes were more or less soiled and torn, and that his wife and Roger were waiting for him.

All he knew was that he was having a good time now and that he was sleepy, and that was all he cared about.

Before he had finished his cigar he let it fall from his fingers upon the grass, and stretching out his legs was fast asleep.

He was enjoying the dandiest sort of a nap when along came the owner of the place with his gardener and one of his game keepers and espied Muldoon asleep.

"Well, well, these poachers are getting more impudent every day!" growled Sir Bashly Motoned, the boss of the park.

"I warned this 'ere feller hoff only yesterday, yer honor," said the keeper.

"You did?" growled the withered sprig of nobility, Sir Bashly being old enough to be Muldoon's grandfather.

"Yes, yer honor, leastwise it looks like him."

"It's a trespass, at any rate," muttered the other. "Wake 'im up and take him in custody."

It was easier to do the latter than to perform the former command.

All the known means of waking a man up were tried without success.

They pounded on the soles of his feet, they tickled his ears with straws, they pulled his nose.

No use!

Muldoon slept like a top.

"Carry him off to the house and lock him up," muttered Sir Bashly. "I'll send word to Sir Dinkley Waggles, who is a magistrate, and we'll try this fellow at once."

Sir Dinkley's place adjoined that of Sir Bashly's, and both were great cronies, for Sir Bashly was thinking of standing for the borough of Slapdash, his native town, and Sir Dinkley had considerable influence there.

In America we run for office; in England they stand for it; hence the greater exhaustion consequent upon being defeated in this country.

The keeper and the gardener grabbed Muldoon, head and heels, and lugged him off to a damp, ill-furnished, stuffy old stone barracks called the Hall, by courtesy, and left him there, in a room on the ground floor.

Sir Bashly put on lots of lugs, called his house Bashly Hall, would not associate with his rich neighbors who had no titles, and thought himself the biggest toad in the local puddle. He lived near a royal palace, and though poor as Job's turkey, put on more style than the queen herself.

Muldoon was laid on a bench in the "office," as it was called, though why no one knew, while Sir Bashly sent over for Sir Dinkley to come and sit on the case.

The messenger had been gone but a few minutes when a coach drove into the grounds with a great deal of noise and flurry.

Lord Fitz Norris, Lady Fitz Norris, the Honorable Reginald Fitz Norris, Sir Humphrey Muggles, the Honorable Miss Daisy Muggles, Mrs. Muldoon and Roger Muldoon occupied the coach, and they had come to call upon Sir Bashly and take lunch with him.

The old snob stood greatly in awe of Fitz Norris, for the latter had expressed his intention of putting up a candidate against him at Slapdash, and Sir Bashly realized the necessity of propitiating the great man.

"Welcome to Bashly Hall," cried the old fossil, grandiloquently, standing on the rotten platform called a veranda by a great stretch of the imagination. "Come in and partake of my poor hospitality."

Fitz Norris had evidently been aware that it was poor, for he had brought his own provender with him, and his servants now brought in an immense hamper filled with all sorts of good things.

"You were not at the review this morning, Motoned?" asked Fitz Norris. "We looked for you."

"No, my son's regiment did not participate, and therefore I could not patronize the affair. Come into the drawing-room, while my servants are getting the banquet-hall ready. Pleased to see your friends, my lord."

"What an old guy!" whispered Roger to Reggy Fitz Norris.

"Yes, he's a regular duffer, but the governor likes to fool him. He could never carry Slapdash, but it's cheaper to buy him off, dad says."

Just as the party was about to sit down to lunch, Sir Dinkley Waggles, the local justice, was announced and made his appearance.

"How are you, Waggles?" cried Fitz Norris, to a pompous and powdered old ruffian of seventy-five, eaten up with gout, purple with

took four of my people to apprehend him. Hadn't you better send for a constable?"

"I think not. Fetch him in here and give him something to eat. He must have been awfully disappointed when he struck your place, Bashly, old boy."

The bogus aristocrat colored and gave orders for the prisoner to be brought in at once.

Muldoon had just finished his nap and was sitting on the bench trying to realize where he was, when a couple of flunkies came in and said briskly:

"Me lud wants to see you, sir, at once. Follow us."

"My lord who?" asked Muldoon.

"Fitz Norris."

you can stand for Slapdash without my assistance. Do you understand that? I wouldn't give you a blessed penny, sir; no, sir, not even a farthing. Bahl you old woman."

Then the irate magistrate hobbled out and Sir Bashly's goose was as good as cooked, for he had relied on Sir Dinkley's support in the coming election.

That suited Fitz Norris, for he made the old humbug a little present and thereby got his word that he would withdraw from the contest.

Muldoon joined in the lunch with the rest of the party, and good-naturedly submitted to the jokes that were made at his expense.

Late in afternoon the whole party returned to London, and Muldoon declared that he



When the troop had passed, Muldoon and the Fitzpatricks sat on the ground looking the very picture of distress. All that could be seen of the soldiers was a cloud of dust with here and there the glitter of a helmet or the flash of a red coat.

apoplexy, and stuffed full of self-conceit, who now appeared. "Come to decide some case of Muttonhead's, I beg his pardon, Motoned."

"H'm! I believe so," grunted the judge, "though why the plague he couldn't bring the man to me I can't see, for the life of me."

Thus he puffed and grunted and sat down while Sir Bashly explained that they had caught a poacher trespassing on the park and had locked him up in the office or butler's pantry.

As Sir Bashly had no butler, he could not very well have a pantry, and as he was not in business, he could not have an office either, but then, there's everything in a name.

"Fetch him out, Bashly," cried Fitz Norris. "I'd like to see a real live poacher, and I haven't attended a hearing before a magistrate in I don't know how long."

"Phwat's a poacher, me dear?" whispered Mrs. Muldoon to the honorable Miss Waggles.

"It's a man who shoots your game, but I don't believe there's as much as a rabbit on the whole place. Sir Bashly is terribly poor, but awfully proud, don't ye know."

"That's generally the case," returned Mrs. Muldoon.

"He's terrible fellow," said Sir Bashly. "It

"Is it in his house I am? Sure, I thought he lived in London."

"It isn't his house, but he wants to see you."

"Oh, begorrah, I remember now!" cried Muldoon. "Sure, I ran away and left me wife and son wid him, and thin the sojers ran over me, and thin I got full av beer and went to sleep somewhere, and he's luckin' for me. Faix, it's very careless I am."

Then he followed the men and was ushered into the dining-hall, where he was at once recognized by all his friends.

Sir Bashly was very much surprised that his guests could make so much fuss over a poacher, but the rest of them thought it was a great joke.

"In trouble again, Terry," cried his wife. "Ye'll have to take Roger or me along wid yez to take care av yez."

"Ye might do, Bedalia," retorted Muldoon, "but I'll niver trust meself to Roger. It's whin he's around that I do be gettling into trouble."

"Where's your prisoner, Sir Bashly?" demanded Sir Dinkley Waggles.

"Why, here he is, but he seems to be on the best of terms with everybody."

"You're an old fool!" stormed the other. "You brought me here for nothing. Now

hadn't had such a day in years, but that he did not care much for sham fights.

The next day, in the afternoon, Roger was coming home when he met a fellow with a hand-organ, playing "Sweet Home" for all he knew how.

The organ was a particularly loud one and the grinder's turning was not of the best, so you can imagine the racket it made.

"Sweet Home, eh?" observed Roger. "That might make some fellows homesick, but I'm as much at home in London or Hong Kong, as in New York."

He listened for a few moments and then an idea came into his head, which was always ready to take in such things.

"That'll be a good one on pop," he mused. "He's been getting into scrapes on his own account, lately, and it's my turn now, I guess."

Approaching the grinder he said:

"Say, Paddy, would you like to earn a dollar this eve?"

"Go an now. It's an I-talian I am," replied the man, who was as Irish as the bogs.

"A sweet lot you are," returned Roger. "You're too good-looking for an Italian. Do you want to earn a dollar, I said?"

"An English dollar or an American dollar—which is it?"

"H'm! An English dollar is a crown or five shillings. You'll make a shilling off me."

"Well, a fine, handsome bye like ye can afford it, can't ye?"

"Now I know you're an Irishman," returned Roger, with a laugh. "Well, we'll make it a crown, seeing that you're in the land of the queen."

"Begorra, ye might make it a sovereign, since ye're spakin' av r'yalty," answered the quick-witted fellow.

"You have pounds enough to lug around in your organ," answered Roger.

"Yis, and me own pounds is diminishing on account av it. The weight av it pulls all the flesh aff me bones."

"Well, we'll say a crown, then."

"All right, sor. That's four shillin' more than I've earned to-day. Phwat'll I do for it, me lad?"

"Come in front of our house to-night, about ten o'clock, and play 'Sweet Home' as long as you can."

"The bobbies 'll run me in if I play afther nine."

"Oh, I'll chance that. Come at half-past, if you like."

"And ye'll give me foive bob for that?"

"Yes."

"Phwere do ye live?"

Roger told him, and added:

"Play nothing but that one tune, now. You'll remember?"

"Faix, I'll play it till the whole nebberrhood is sick av it, and wishes that I wor there meself."

"That's it. Here's a half crown. I'll give you the other when you come."

"I'll not fail ye, me bye. It's a young gentleman ye are, and ye ought to be Irish, be the bigness av yer heart."

"Oh, I am half that, anyhow."

"Faith, I knew it," said the flatterer, while Roger laughed and went on.

Muldoon was sitting in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe, in his wife's room, that night at about ten when the dulcet tones of an organ were heard in the street just outside.

"Listen to that now, Bedalia," he said. "Doesn't that sound bootiful? Doesn't the sound of that sweet song carry ye back to New York?"

"Faith it does, Terry. It's like the vice av an angel."

"So it is, me fool. I niver thought that a simple melody like that wud affect me, but it does."

"It's bekase we are away from home, Terry."

"Yis. Sure, I can fancy meself sittin' in me own parlor half expectin' that some av the byes 'll come in."

"To sample yer beer, Terry? Yis, it brings back fond recollections to meself."

"Go tell Roger to t'row the man some pin-nies. Sure he may not have a home av his own."

"Faix, I can almost imagine meself on the steamer goin' up the bay."

"Yis, and I can see the bridge and the Goddess av Liberty and Trinity Church."

A rattle of coin was heard on the sidewalk, but the tune went on just the same.

After a time it began to grow quite monotonous.

Even the song of the nightingale, the sweetest voiced of all birds, is said to pall on the ear at last.

One can stand the choral harmonies of a cat serenade for a time, but even they grow tiresome at length.

Presently Muldoon began to fidget.

"I wondher av he has no more tunes in that music-box av his," he muttered.

Evidently the man had not, by the sound of things.

"Begob, av he don't shtop I'll go woid," growled Muldoon.

"He's playing his money's worth, I suppose, Terry."

"Well, he needn't be so gineros. Let him go in front av the next house."

The fellow was evidently a fixture, for he never stirred.

Romance was now a mockery and Muldoon was furious.

He threw up the window, stuck out his head, and yelled:

"Go on out o' that, ye maraudher, or I'll set the dogs an ye."

The music went on all the same.

"Go on or I'll call the police."

This threat had no more effect than the former one.

"Go an, or I'll shoot ye full av holes."

Shotguns, revolvers and bunderbusses had, apparently, no terror for that indomitable musician.

The organist went right on just as if nothing had happened.

Muldoon now thought he would try another tack.

If threats were of no avail persuasion might be.

He determined to try the effort of a bribe.

"How much do yez want to go an and leave us in peace, ye nocturnal disturber?" he asked.

There was no answer.

"Will yez go for two shillin's?"

No reply.

"I'll make it half a crown."

The offer was not tempting enough.

Muldoon was nearly frantic.

"I'll fix the sucker," he growled, as he stuck in his head.

The man was right under the window, having come into the little court yard before the house.

Meanwhile Miss Warburton, the maiden lady of whom Muldoon rented the house and who lived next door, had come out on the stoop to expostulate. She was even less fond of music than Muldoon, and had no room in her heart for romance.

She had scolded the fellow from the windows, but that did not seem to do any good.

Then she came out upon the stoop and began to lay down the law.

"Go away, you nasty beast!" she screamed.

"Don't you know you have no business to play at this time of night?"

The man went right on all the same, for he was bound to earn his money.

"Get out of this yard," yelled the old maid.

"You've no business here at any rate. Go on to the walk, or I'll have you taken up for trespass."

The grinder had come in to get the balance of the fee Roger had promised him and that's how he happened to be there.

He moved back towards the gate, however.

Then the light in Muldoon's room went out.

"I'll fix the vilyan," remarked the victim to himself.

Then he stole softly to the window and looked out. The music was still going on.

He could see a figure in the front yard, and he chuckled to himself.

"Take that, ye persistent vagabone, and see if it will kape ye quite."

With that he threw the entire contents of an enormous water pitcher upon the head of the form below. Splash!

There was a shriek and a gasp, and then a very mad female made a dash for the house.

Miss Warburton had got the whole business. She had been about to follow the man out and give him some more chin.

Muldoon mistook her for the organ-grinder. He was not long left in ignorance of his mistake, however.

"Be heavens, Bedalia, I've dhrowneded the ould maid!" he gasped when he heard those screams.

"You ought to be horsawhipped! I'll not have you in my house another day! You did it on purpose! It wasn't clean water, either, I'm sure! Are you blind, that you couldn't know it was me? I'll wager you told the man to do it! My dress is ruined, I know it is! I shall catch my death of cold!"

All this Miss Warburton rattled off at the top of her voice and with scarcely a break while Muldoon retreated.

Hearing no response, the old maid bounced into her own house and slammed the door so that all the windows rattled.

Policemen were now whistling all around, and the grinder moped in good order just in time to escape being run in.

"Sure, that was a queer mistake I made," whispered Muldoon, when all was still.

"Yis; did ye wet her much?"

"Much! Sure, she wor drenched!"

"Well, ye didn't stop her tongue, at anny rate."

"No, I did not. It wud take a second flood to do that."

All was quiet now, however, and Muldoon turned in and went to sleep, still chuckling over the sad misfortune that had befallen that old maid.

Miss Warburton evidently thought better of her plan of raising a fuss over the ducking Muldoon had given her, for she never mentioned it, although she treated the Muldoons with decided coolness after that.

The whole thing was coffee and cakes to Roger, however, and he had many a quiet little chuckle over it during the next few days.

"Dad won't hear 'Sweet Home' after this without having a shiver go down his back," he remarked to himself, "and I believe that if that organ-grinder were to come across his path he'd paralyze him."

There was more fun coming, however, and Muldoon was just the rooster to be made the victim, whether through Roger's instrumentality or that of some one else.

About this time Muldoon had several experiences with the delightful tip system in vogue in England and in London particularly, which are well worth recording.

One day, happening to be down on the Strand, at noon time, he concluded to get his lunch there, without bothering to go home for it.

Entering one of the restaurants in that locality, he was immediately besieged by half a dozen waiters, all desiring to seat him.

A big fellow, in a white waist-coat, swallow-tail coat, high choker and a broad smile, literally dragged him to a seat and placed a bill of fare before him.

"Begorrah, the attentions av the English menial are something to be marveled at," muttered Muldoon. "Sure, in New York, they'd let yez foind yer own seat and give ye no notice whatever until they were ready to spill a plate of hot soup or something like it in yer lap just."

Having ordered and eaten his lunch, Muldoon had no trouble in calling the waiter; in fact, the man had been hovering around him like a vulture all the time.

"Give me the check, George, and I'll get out," he remarked. "Sure, the nise and confusion av the place will drive me woid."

"Check, sir?" asked the hash dispenser, looking puzzled.

"Yis."

"Did you lose a check, sir?"

"Did I lose it? No, begorrah, I did not, bekase I niver had it."

"Then how can I give it to you, sir, if you never had it?" asked the man, with bland stupidity.

"Don't yez know what a check is?" asked Muldoon in surprise.

"Yas, sir. It's a drawft, sir, on a bank, sir. How did you come to lose it, sir?"

"Begorrah, ye bate the worruld for dinsity av raisoning powers. It's me bill I want. Don't ye give checks?"

"Aw, that's it, eh? No, sir, we take pay right here, sir. What did you 'ave, sir?"

"Roast lamb and mint sauce, pays and turnips."

"Potatoes?"

"Yes, av coorse."

"Bread?"

"To be sure I did, and a plum tart, besoides a point av beer."

"Ninepence for meat, twopence each for vegetables, that's one and three, bread is a penny, tart fourpence, and beer makes two shillings."

"Ye charge extra for bread and potatoes?"

"Yes, sir, always. Gents don't always take it, you know."

"Faix, I'll niver get used to yer haythenish ways," muttered Muldoon, rising and putting on his hat. "There's yer two bob, me man."

"Remember the waiter, sir?" his man replied, blocking his passage.

"Remember ye!" cried Muldoon, staring at the fellow. "Troth, I'm not likely to forget yez. Ye have a face that would impede the workings av the cathedral clock, so ye have."

The man stared in return, but held his hand in such a position that Muldoon instantly tumbled.

"Oh, begob, it's a fee ye want, is it? Phwy the blazes didn't yez say so? Remember ye, indade! Sure, that bates all I iver heard."

"Yes, sir," answered the man with the outstretched hand.

"Sure, if heaven wor situated in London I believe Saint Pether would be axing ivery wan for a tip as he opened the gate, so contaminated would he be be the customs av the country."

"Yes, sir, very funny, sir; remember the waiter, sir," said the man, unmoved by Muldoon's attempt at wit.

"Begob, I'm not likely to forget yez," replied the celebrated traveler, and dropping

PART XXII.

MULDOON never knew how that organ-grinder came to play Sweet Home under his window so persistently, and of course our friend Roger did not take the trouble to inform him.

sixpence into the waiter's ready palm, he made his escape.

"Faix, I see now why they wor all ready to give me a seat," he mused. "It wor a tip they were afther. Sure, I couldn't have been more attintive to a man I hadn't seen for twenty years."

A day or so afther this our hero spent part of an evening in one of the very swell music halls, a place he had not been in before, and here he had another evidence of the beauty of giving tips.

Feeling the need of liquid refreshment, and likewise the soothing influences of the narcotic weed, he called a gorgeous waiter and ordered a ginger ale and a cigar.

While the man was bringing the articles

However, he was equal to the occasion.

"No, sir, we are not allowed to take anything, sir, because that would be stealing, don't yer know, but it don't say nothink about gents giving us whatever they please."

"Oh, it doesn't?"

"No, sir," and the fellow's hand stole out from his hide in a very suggestive manner.

Muldoon did not see it, of course, as he replied:

"Ye refused phwat I thought wor ample remuneration, me swallow-tailed frind, and if yez want anything afther that yez can phwistle for it."

Not possessing that flute-like accomplishment the waiter went away in disgust, while Muldoon wondered if there was anybody in

tell the byes, the aldermen, Mulcahey and the rest, that we wint elane around the worruld and left Oireland out intoirely."

"Well, yez can run down to Liverpool, go across, spind a few days there and meet us at Queenstown."

"I think maybe I will, me Kilkenny buttherfly. Will ye tell Roger to see about the tickets?"

"I will, av coorse."

Roger was as glad to go home as any of the party, unless, perhaps, it was Miss Kitty, who was looking forward to meeting her Charlie with the liveliest anticipations.

The young artist had been most successful during his sweetheart's long absence and had



Letting himself out, Muldoon raced down to the end of the dock. The gangway was still open, and one good jump would fetch it. "Hooray for our side! I'm saved!" cried Muldoon. Then he took one great big, huge, enormous, flying leap for the steamer. Did he make it? Did he?

Muldoon noticed a placard which informed the public that gratuities were not to be given to the waiters, as they were not allowed to take anything.

The man was so exceedingly polite, however, that after he had paid him the stunning price asked for the fizz and the smoke, Muldoon deposited sixpence into his conveniently posed right hand.

The fellow looked at the coin as though it were some rare piece which he had never seen.

Muldoon saw the look and understood it as well.

That voracious server of refreshments considered the fee too small by long odds.

Hence his look of wonder.

He thought he could brace our hero for a larger tip.

Here he was in error.

"Oh, excuse me, sor," said Muldoon, quickly taking the coin from the man's hand. "I beg a thousand pardons. I forgot that ye wor not allowed to take annything. Pray don't mintion the oversight on my part."

Then that coin went into Muldoon's pocket along with the rest of his small change.

The waiter's face was a study.

London, man, woman or child, who wasn't looking for a tip.

At last, having been away from home considerably more than a year, Muldoon concluded to return to the land of his adoption.

"It's toired av thravel I am, Bedalia," he remarked one morning, "and I belave that the solight av Ameriky will do me more good than a dose av medicine. Let's go home."

"I'm willing enough, Terry," responded his wife. "We've been around the worruld and have seen iverything worth seeing, and now I'd be perfectly contint to be wanst more at home in New York."

"But we haven't been to Ireland yet, me jool, and that's phwat we left home for."

"We did not and ye know it."

"Phwat was it for, thin?"

"To go around the worruld."

"Sure Ireland is a part av the world, Bedalia, and we mustn't miss it."

"So is the North Pole a part av it, but I have no desoire to go there."

"Yis, but Ireland is different."

"We'll see it from the stheamer as we go by, and that's all I care for. I've had thravel enough."

"But it'll niver do, Bedalia, to go back and

succeeded in making a name and plenty of money beside for himself.

Old lady Chummy, Kitty's aunt, had died in China, leaving all her property to her youngest niece, Miss Minerva and Miss Charity having caught on to rich husbands at the same time.

Our young lady was very much pleased at the thought of going home, therefore, as there was now no opposition to her marriage, and she and Charlie were to be wedded upon her return.

The duty of procuring tickets for the last stage of the journey being deputed to Roger, that young gentleman secured passage for all hands at once on an Inman steamer sailing in a couple of days.

Muldoon had already gone to Liverpool, and Roger, therefore was left to pilot the party thither, which he did satisfactorily.

They reached the smoky, dirty city only a few hours behind Muldoon, and much to his surprise and theirs found him still in the city.

"The boat does not go till to-morrow," he explained. "There was wan yesterday, but I just missed it. Are yez all going to Ireland?"

"Faix, we are not, then," answered Mrs.

Muldoon. "Ye tould Roger to buy tickets and he's done it."

"So soon?"

"Sure, there's no use in waiting a month. He wor able to get just the kind av rooms we wanted an this shteamer, and he took thim at wanst."

"And phwin do yez leave?"

"To-morrow morning at tin."

"Thin where's me thrip to Ireland coming in?"

"I don't know, unless you go an, and join us in Queenstown."

"The boat does not leave till to-morrow."

"Thin ye'll have to give it up."

"Niver mind, I'll see the coast, annyhow, and thin I'll shtudy up the guide book, so as to be able to give me frinds all the information they want about the ould country. It's not often that I get left, be heavens."

As the party was to leave so early the next morning, it was necessary to finish up their sight-seeing that day, provided they had any of it to do.

Mrs. Muldoon had a few purchases to make, Roger took a stroll around town, and Muldoon went to the telegraph office.

"I'll just let the byes know I'm coming," he remarked, "and maybe they'll give me a welkim jue to me impartance whin I set fut wanst more on me native shores—natheralized, I mean."

Consequently he went off and sent the following cablegram, prepaid, of course, to his friend the alderman.

"Sail to-morrow by the City of Dublin. All well.
MULDOON."

"It's a coach and six that they'll have to meet me, be heavens! or I'll niver recognize thim again," he observed. "Begorrah, I can piether the royal welcome they'll give me, aven now, three thousand miles away, and it's no more than a great thraveler loike me deserves."

The travelers retired early that night, for there was much to be done the next morning, and they were all tired out.

Muldoon, leaving everything to Roger, sat up late talking politics with a lot of Englishmen, arguing now on one side, now on the other, and filling up on bitter beer between opinions.

He did not turn in till long past midnight, and the result was that he slept till nearly nine o'clock the next morning.

Having seen the baggage all sent on board, and dispatched Kitty and his mother to the steamer in a cab, young Mr. Muldoon now proceeded to look up his paternal parent.

"Come, pop, it's time you were getting ready," he cried, thumping on Muldoon's door.

"Phwat's that ye say?" asked Muldoon, waking up.

"Time to get ready, pop. I sent your trunk to the steamer."

"All right, me bye, I'll be wid yez in a minute."

Then our hero arose, made a most elaborate toilet, went down to his breakfast and finally started for the steamer.

Neither Roger nor his wife nor Kitty were to be seen, as they had all departed and were at that moment anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"Be heavens, me mouth feels as big as a naygur's," remarked Muldoon, as he started off. "I must have something to cool it aff or I'll be say-sick the first day, begob."

Presently he struck an elegant drinking place, went in and called for something cool and refreshing.

He was drinking it when somebody made a slighting allusion to America and the Americans.

Muldoon was up in arms at once.

"Ye may think," he began, "bekase I'm an Irishman be looks, that I'll shtand anny disrespect to Ameriky that yez may see fit to make use at, but av ye do, yez wor niver more mistaken in yer loife."

"Pshaw, you're no Yankee, don't you know," replied the first speaker. "It can't hurt you to have hanythink said about the blarsted Hamericans, don't yer know."

"Faix, I do know, thin, and I'll prove it. I'm a free born, natheralized American citizen, and the mon that says annything agin the country just it agen me."

"Now, just look 'ere, yer know," said the Briton, argumentatively, "England has done more for you Irish than Hamerica 'as, hevery time, and you know it."

"No, sor, she has not and niver will. There's no place anthe whole face av the

globe, and I've thraveled all over it, me frind, that presints more advantages than the city av New York."

"Except London, you know, of course."

"No, sir, not except London, or Liverpool, or aven Dublin, be heavens. Luck at the wharves. Luck at the pairks. Luck at the boolyvards, luck at—"

"Yes, and you haven't a single American line of steamers, don't yer know. They're all Henglish, hevery-one."

"Shteamers!" gasped Muldoon, and then he looked at the clock.

Ten o'clock!

"Begorrah! I forgot ivery worrud about it!" he muttered. "I've not a minyute to spare. Fortunately they niver lave on time, and I'm safe."

With that he bolted out of the place, hailed a passing cab and yelled to the driver:

"Dhrive me to the shteamer City av Dublin at wanst, and I've give yez a sovereign."

In he jumped, the driver whipped up his horses, and away they went all a-flying.

Muldoon was right in one thing and wrong in another.

The steamer did not sail promptly on time.

The delay, however, was not as long as he thought it would be.

When he reached the wharf he was obliged to jump out and run down some steps to the wooden pier below, where a little tug or tender was about to make her last trip to the steamer.

Throwing the driver his promised fee, Muldoon dashed down the steps and hurried toward the end of the wharf.

Toot-toot-toot!

Ding-dong-ding!

The tender was about to start for the steamer which lay out in the stream ready to leave.

They were hauling in the gung-plank.

In another minute our traveler would be left behind.

Suddenly the vision of a gorgeously gotten up Irishman flashed before the eyes of the loungers on the dock.

It was Muldoon, hoofing it for all he was good for.

"Hould an! hould an! I'm going aboard!" he yelled.

He thought he was, but there were obstacles in the way.

"Run, you galvanized Mick! run faster!" yelled somebody.

"That's just like a Paddy; he thinks that everything is going to wait for him."

"Look at the Irish rainbow skipping down the wharf. Catch it, somebody."

"Run, you terrier, run, if you want to catch it."

Muldoon did not need the advice, for he was fairly flying.

However, the tender was now under full headway as well as himself.

Roger stood at the stern waving his handkerchief and yelling like mad:

"Come on, pop! Give a good jump and you'll make it!"

"Begob, av I hadn't shtopped to talk to that mutton-headed Britisher, I'd have been all right."

Letting himself out, Muldoon raced down to the end of the dock.

The gangway was still open, and one good jump would fetch it.

"Hooray for our side! I'm saved!" cried Muldoon.

Then he took one great, big, huge, enormous, flying leap for the steamer.

Did he make it?

Did he?

PART XXIII.

MULDOON made one flying leap for the departing tugboat on its way to the steamer.

The latter had its anchor up and was only waiting for the arrival of the tender with the last of the passengers, before leaving the harbor.

Poor Muldoon had stopped to discuss politics with an Englishman in a cafe and hence his haste.

As we have said, he took the leap, expecting to reach the tug.

He reached nothing.

All he did was to make a hole in the water, while the tug went on its way.

Then there was a great commotion.

The first thing the crowd did was to laugh immoderately.

Muldoon arose just in time to hear their hilarity, and it made him anything but cheerful.

"Be heavens, yez can laugh as much as ye like," he growled, "but I'll get it yet."

Oh, yes, he got it.

Right in the neck!

He got a mouthful of the Mersey water and it was a merey he wasn't choked.

The swell from the tender swept clean over him and nearly took away his breath.

Away went the tug, but he tried to swim after it.

With his clothes on this was not such an easy job.

Another swell swept over him and for a moment he disappeared.

There is no telling what he might have done if the fellows on the dock had not got the idea that he was drowning.

When an Englishman does get an idea into his head, it sticks there, worse than a burr in a coon's wool.

Everybody was excited all at once.

All hands wanted to do something to make themselves famous.

"Lower a boat, somebody!"

"Get a life preserver, cahn't you!"

"Where are them boat-hooks?"

"Get out a line!"

"Throw him a bench!"

"He's drowning, for sure!"

It was Bedlam let loose.

Muldoon himself lost his head.

When he came up out of the swell, he got confused and began to swim for the dock.

This was taken as his last dying efforts to save him.

Some one grabbed a big fender hanging on a spile, and chucked it at him.

It took him in the head and made him see stars.

Then somebody else got out a boat and took him a crack on the jaw with one of the oars.

Dodging this, Muldoon swam toward the wharf, puffing like a porpoise.

Then two of those bold life-savers jabbed a couple of big boat-hooks at him, narrowly missing his ears.

One fastened a hook in his collar, and another got a grip on his coat sleeve, and together they hauled him up to the dock.

Then all hands took hold of the hooks and yanked him out of the water quicker than seat.

They weren't any too gentle about it, either, and it was a wonder that poor Muldoon was not torn in pieces.

Meanwhile the tender had reached the steamer, and transferred her passengers.

Muldoon shook off his preservers as soon as he got his feet well-planted, and looked about him.

He was soaked from head to foot, and the water was running off him in rivers.

"Begob, I med it after all," he muttered.

"I said I would, and the Muldoons always kape their worrud."

Then the crowd began to laugh again.

"Made what, you blundering Mick?" asked one, more pointedly than polite.

"The shteamer, av coorse."

"You blooming fool, you're on the wharf!"

Then Muldoon shook the water out of his eyes and took another look at his surroundings.

The steamer was going down the river under full headway, a long line of black smoke marking her wake.

"Be heavens I'm left!" gasped Muldoon.

That set the crowd to roaring.

"Why don't you swim after her, Mike?"

"Don't let a little thing like that stop you."

"Go ahead; you can do it."

Muldoon glanced scornfully at the jokers and said:

"Go buy yerselves all a new set av brains. Ye need thim the worst way."

"Say, Mister," said a fellow with a boat-hook, "what are you going to give me for saving your life?"

Muldoon looked at the speaker and said:

"Ye niver saved it, and if it hadn't been for ye I might have reached the shteamer. Ye're a mutton head, that's phwat ye are, and ye ain't man enough to deny it."

He was not, for a fact, and the crowd began to guy him instead of Muldoon.

The latter, shaking as much water from himself as he could conveniently, now left the landing stage and made his way to the pier above.

"I tell you what you can do, sir," said one of the crowd who had not jeered at him.

"Phwat's that, sor? Go dhry out me clothes?"

"No, but take the lightning express to Holyhead and then the mail steamer to Queens-

town. You'll catch 'em that way, and you can join your party to-morrow."

"Begorrah, I'll do it!" cried Muldoon. "When does the thrain leave?"

"In a couple of hours. The boat goes to-night."

"Begorrah, ye're the forst frind I've seen to-day. Phwat'll ye have?"

The steamer, meanwhile, was making her way down St. George's Channel, and Muldoon was given up, for that trip at least.

Roger was with the party, however, and was fully capable of taking care of them.

"Pop will take the next steamer, and reach New York only a day or two behind us," he explained.

answered Roger, laughing. "It was one of pop's own blunders. I called him in ample time for him to have caught it."

"Well, I'm glad you didn't cause the mishap, which is more than a joke."

"So am I, but pop will be all serene. He's like a cat, and always lights upon his feet. We will see him almost as soon as we reach New York."

The voyage was pleasant, but uneventful, for without Muldoon, half the fun was missing.

Roger made lots of friends, as usual, and was the life of the younger portion of the ship's company.

The steamer reached New York at the end of eight or nine days, and the Muldoons once

of the party, "and now dot was been wasted already."

"Phwat reason did he give for not coming?" asked Mulcahey.

"He missed the steamer."

"The idjit!" cried the alderman. "Sure, that's loike Muldoon."

"It's the last reception we'll give him," muttered Gallagher.

"Faix, it's a kick in the neck he ought to get!" groaned Mulcahey.

"You can give me the reception, if you like," suggested Roger.

"You're too young and giddy."

"Well, then, give it to mother. She would be tickled to death."

"She has no infloence in the ward or we



"Begob, I med it afther all," he muttered. "I said I would, and the Muldoons always kape their worrurud." Then the crowd began to laugh again. "Made what, you blundering Mick?" asked one, more pointedly than polite. "The shteamer, av coorse." "You blooming fool, you're on the wharf!"

Mrs. Muldoon was satisfied until she happened to remember something.

"Roger?"

"Yes."

"Has yer father anny money with him?"

"Really, I don't know, mother," answered the young fellow. "He must have some, of coorse."

"Yis, but has he enough to pay for his ticket?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but if he hasn't, he can easily raise it among his friends."

"Sure, he knows no wan in Liverpool. If it wor London, now, I'd have no fear av him."

"Oh, he'll get along. He can go to the consul general, if it comes to the worst, or cable over to his bankers in America for funds to take him home."

"Well, I hope it's all right, but Terry is such a natheral in some things that he'll be sure to make a mistake if there's wan chance in a hundhrd av his doing so."

Roger thought as much himself, but did not say so, for fear of worrying his mother.

"Roger Muldoon, you bad boy, did you make your father miss the steamer?" asked Kitty, when Mrs. Muldoon was out of hearing.

"Honest Injun I didn't, Miss Kitty," an-

more gazed upon the city from which they had been so long absent.

When the vessel had nearly reached the dock a lot of Muldoon's political friends and acquaintances came alongside in a tug, prepared to do him the honors.

Mulcahey and the alderman were in the gang, and espied Roger standing on the deck.

"T-ll yer father to come over to us," shouted Mulcahey.

"Can't do it."

"Phwy not?"

"Because he is not here."

"Not there?"

"No."

"Sure, he's not dead?"

"Oh, no, he's alive enough, but he is not on the steamer."

"Faix, he could not have landed widout our seeing him?"

"No, he did not leave Liverpool with us. He stayed behind."

"The sucker!" ejaculated the alderman.

"He tould us he was coming be this boat; and here we've been and hoired a tug and a brass band to receive him properly."

"Ya, and I was put dree kaigs off beer mid der cabin," exclaimed Budweiser, who was

moight," said the alderman, philosophically; and then the tug fell back in the wake of the steamer.

All hands on board were mad enough to chuck Muldoon into the river, and his ears must have been on fire at that moment, considering the many uncomplimentary things said about him.

"He's a chump, so he is."

"Troth, if he wor running for keeper av the dog-pound, I wouldn't vote for him nor let anny wan ilse do it."

"It's like the stuß, to ax us to get him up a welkin and thin go and miss the shteamer, the gomach!"

"Begorrah, I don't care now if he niver comes back at all."

"If he does, he can receive himself, for I'm blamed if I'll shtir a fut to see him land."

"I sharge him for dot beer once, all der same," said Budweiser. "He don't make humbug mit me for nodings, I told you."

Poor Muldoon!

How he would have felt if he could have heard all the pleasant things that were said about him.

Roger piloted his party through the gang of Custom House sharks, seeking whom they

might devour, and having collected all their baggage, took the whole business in a cab to a hotel up-town.

It must not be forgotten, by the way, to mention that the beloved Charlie put in an appearance on the pier and welcomed his Kitty with all the ardor of youthful affection, likewise a hack, in which the two drove away.

They went to the young man's mother's house, where Kitty was to remain till her wedding came off.

Roger and Mrs. Muldoon went to their old hotel, and busied themselves in getting settled, while waiting for Muldoon to show up.

Of course, he did not catch the steamer at Queenstown, or he would have been on hand to receive the welcome his friends had prepared for him.

In the first place he missed the fast express, and in the next he discovered suddenly that his resources were at a very low ebb.

When he came to figure up his available finances, he found that he had less than twenty dollars, besides his watch and rings.

"Me clothes won't fetch anything, and I moight niver see me watch again av I pawned it," he mused. "Phwat'll I do anyhow?"

By inquiry he found that there was a steamer leaving on the following day, but there wasn't a saloon or second cabin berth to be had for love or money.

"I can't afford to wait for wan, and maybe the captain wouldn't trust me av I did," he remarked, "and so I see only wan way out av it. I'll go home be the steerage."

Muldoon, the great American traveler, going home by way of the steerage!

Just think of it!

After all his style this was a come down, and no error.

However, so long as he got home at all, Muldoon did not care for this, as the discomfort would be only temporary.

"It'll be all right whin I get to New York, falx," he argued. "All I'll have to do is to go ashore wid the saloon passengers, and be received be me frinds in great stoyle. The star av the Muldoons is not on the wane yet, begob!"

Having made all his arrangements, Muldoon purchased a steerage ticket, bought such

things as were necessary, hired a room for a night in a cheap lodging-house, and went on board the steamer the next morning.

"I'll get a glimpse av Ireland annyhow," he remarked to himself, as the steamer left the shores of England. "Sure, this reminds me av the forst toime I left it. I wor in the steerage, and had only a few shillings in me pocket, and that's me condition now, though I have money enough, av I could only get hold av it."

His dream of gazing once more upon his native shores was not to be realized, however.

By the time they reached the Irish channel, the wind was blowing a gale, and before night the ship was rolling and tossing in the worst sort of way.

Poor Muldoon could never get used to that sort of business, for all that he had traveled, and he soon succumbed to a fit of seasickness, which lasted two or three days.

When he finally recovered and was able to be about, he went on deck, thinking to catch one last look at Ireland.

It was no go, for the ship was a hundred miles or more from the beloved coast, and only the sea and sky were visible.

"Luck is dead agen me, begob," murmured Muldoon. "Here I've been around the worruld and missed the very place av all that I wanted most to see. Maybe there's a fresh Irishman in the steerage, and he can tell me how the ould place looks. That'll be something, faith."

As it happened, the steerage passengers were all Germans, French and Russians, with but one or two Irishmen, and they were from a different county from Muldoon's, and would have nothing to say to him.

The steamer was ten or eleven days in going over, and our poor traveler was sick nearly all the way across.

Then, to add to his trials, he was not permitted to land with the saloon passengers, but was hustled off to Castle Garden in a little tug and herded with a thousand or more foreign immigrants, none of whom spoke his language, and all of whom were too dirty to think of.

"It's a foine ending to me thriumphal march over the globe," he exclaimed in bitter-

ness. "No reception, no frinds to meet me, nothing but a lot av greasy foreigners around me, and not a change of clothes to put on, begob."

However, he got away at last, and strolled sadly up Broadway meditating upon the future.

He went to the steamship wharf but there was no one there that he knew, and he felt at enmity with all the world.

However, his was not a nature to keep him long despondent, and after reaching Broadway and seeing the life and bustle of the great city all about him, his spirits arose and he was soon as chipper as ever.

"Troth I don't know where to foind Bedalia and Roger," he observed, "but they must be somewhere, and I think the most loikely place to look for thim is the hotel where we stopped before we went away."

His conjectures proved to be correct and he found his wife and son with but little trouble.

They and Miss Kitty were glad to see him, but not one of his old political friends showed up, and it was a long time before any of them would speak to him when they met him.

Kitty Clyde was married to her Charlie a week or two later, Roger being the best man, and Muldoon giving the bride away and securing the first kiss after she had been made Mrs. Charlie.

"Faith, our trip has med wan creature happy, at all events, Terry," declared Mrs. Muldoon, "and if it had no other result, we might be thankful for that."

"Yis, me lady burrud, and so we are, and I'm glad to be back again, for though I've seen all that there is to be seen, barring Ireland, there's no place, after all, like the dear ould city av New York."

"Them's my sentiments, pop," said Roger, "and I'm glad to be at home once more. I've had lots of fun and now for business."

It did not take long for the Muldoons to settle down once more in a house of their own, and there we leave them, trusting to meet them again in the future, when we will relate what happened subsequent to MULDOON'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

[THE END.]

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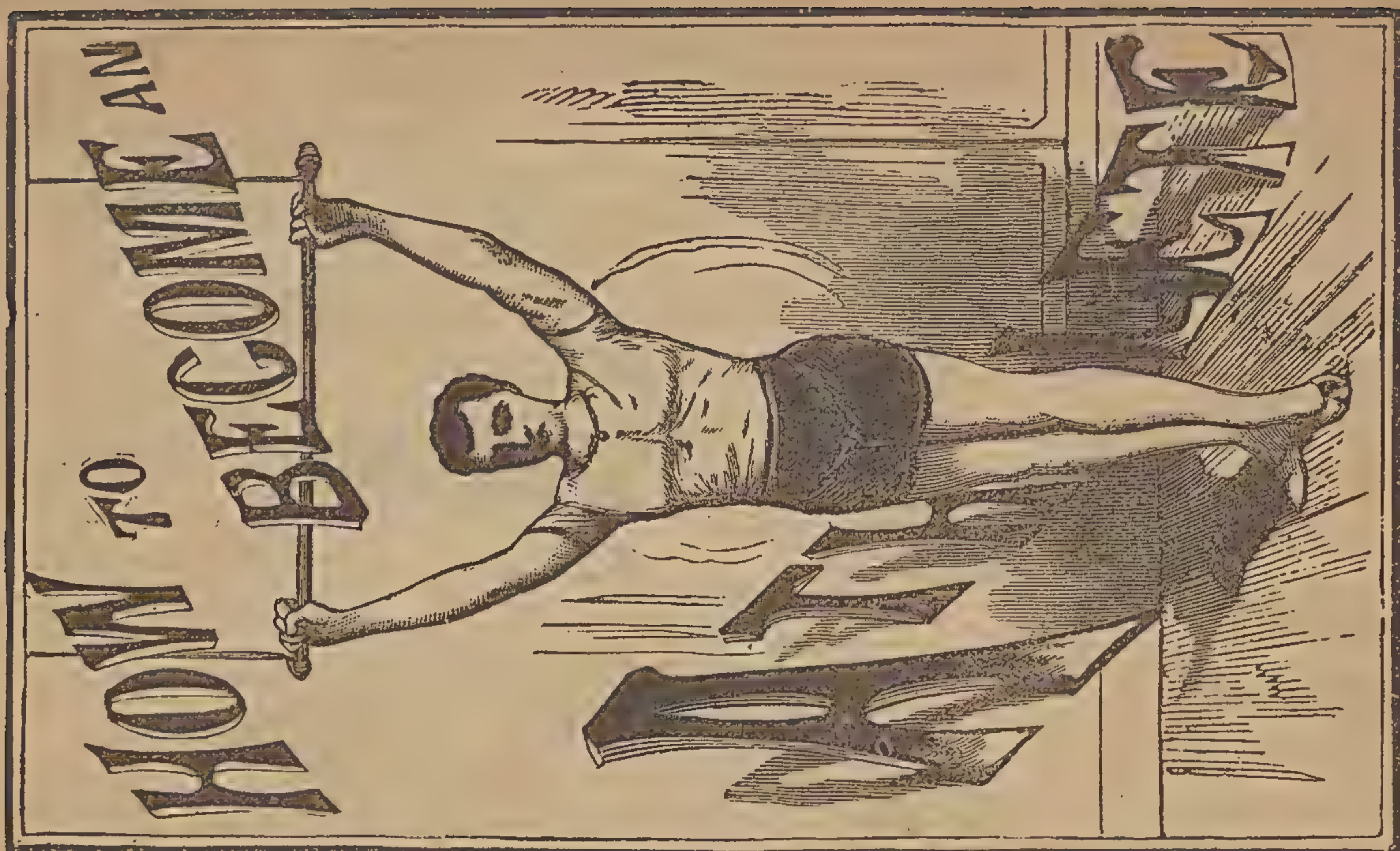
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427 The Boy Trapezist.....By a Former Professional
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429 The Green Caps.....By a U. S. Detective
430 Hollow Roost; or, The Traitor Guide..... By Morris Redwing
431 The Grimsdale Ghost, and other stories..... By a Physician
432 Lost in Africa; or The Adventures of Two Young Castaways.....By Samuel T. Johnston
433 Denver Dan and His Mystic Band.....By "Noname"
434 Shorty in Search of His Dad—comic.....By Peter Pad
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436 Denver Dan and the Road Agents.....By "Noname"
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438 Sawdust Charlie, the Pet of the Ring..... By an Old Ringmaster
439 Denver Dan and the Counterfeiters.....By "Noname"
440 Cavalry Jack at Corinth.....By Col. Ralph Fenton
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442 Denver Dan Outwitted; or, The Outlaw's Triumph.....By "Noname"
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444 The Treasure Cave; or, Run to Earth.....By a Traveler

- 445 Denver Dan, the Sheriff.....By "Noname"
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450 Denver Dan's Peril; or, The Outlaw's Ruse....
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453 The Creole Brothers.....by Colonel J. M. Travers
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455 Denver Dan to the Rescue; or, The Mountain-
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459 The Mad Doctor.....By Paul Braddon
460 Zola, the Old Trapper's Daughter..By R. T. Emmet
461 The Shortys' Trip Around the World—comic
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462 Locomotive Bill, the Giant Engineer.....
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463 Buffalo Bill's Chum.....By Colonel Ralph Fenton
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465 The Old Magician.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler
466 The Unknown Scout.....By Zeke Baxter
467 The Brother's Crime.....By Percy B. St. John
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By Kit Clyde
494 The Silent Slayer; or, The Terror of the Chip-
pewas.....By J. G. Bradley
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496 Astray in the Clouds.....By a Retired Aeronaut
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498 The Tree of Death.....By an Old Trapper
499 The Twin Detectives; or, True to Each Other.
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500 William Tell, the Dead Shot of the West.....
By Harry Enton
501 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.....
By James D. Montague
502 Leon the Outlaw; or, The Avenger of the Death
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507 Fred Ford; or, Life at Boarding-School.....
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519 The Wolverine; or, The Count's Treachery. .
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526 Tiger Ted.....by Alexander Armstrong
527 Barnum's Boy Ben.....by Commodore Ah-Look
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529 Sou'-west Fred.....by Kit Clyde
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531 The Drummer Boy Spy; or, the Slaughter of
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534 The Shortys Out For Fun—comic...by Peter Pad
535 Red River Bill, the Prince of Scouts..by J. R. Scott
536 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy En-
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537 The Shortys' Christmas and New Years at
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538 Owlface, the River Scourge; or, The Guerril-
la's Captive. A Romance of the War in the
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539 The Spies of the Delaware.....by Kit Clyde
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541 Frank Reade and His Steam Man of the Plains;
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544 Dick Wright and His Band of Cannibals.....
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545 The Boy Captain; or, The Search for a Missing
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566 Gassy Hyde; or, The Fire-Boy Friend of Phila-
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574 Smokestack Bob the Hero of the Rail..By J. R. Scott
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576 King Morgan, the Terror of the Seas.....
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591 The "Sea Wave's" Last Cruise; or, The Pi-
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598 Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and
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599 Dead Man's Pond; or, The Black Demon of the
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600 The Tiger of the Seas; or, Forced to be a Pirate
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601 Harry O'Malley, the Young Irish Invincible...
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609 Storm King Dick; or, The Boy Adventurers...
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610 Frank Durham, the King of the Cowboys....
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618 The Chief of the Delawares.....By Kit Clyde
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620 Coal Mine Tom; or, Fighting the Molly Ma-
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622 Sassy Sam; or, A Bootblack's Voyage Around
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623 Young Putnam; or, Always to the Front.....
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624 Nugget Ned; or, The Mountain Queen's Venge-
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628 Ghouls of Gilt Edge.....By Harry Rockwood
629 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Adventures With
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631 Frank Reade, Jr., and his Air Ship..By "Noname"
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646 Buckskin Burke; or, The Cache of Gold.....
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804 Claim 4; or, The Hunchback of Placer Pocket.....By "Noname"
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806 The Walls of New York.....By N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)
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